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MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. XVII Oct. - Nov. No. 1

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CONTENTS

FRONTPIECE ..... Agr.' 30

"Wanderer's Song" 2

Ascent of Jazz 3

Hot Baths 6

A Cantab on Co-Education 7

The Wonderful Hawk 9

Putting Chickens to Bed 10

Athletics 12

College Life 16

Tempus Fugit 18

Facult Items 21

Class Reorganizations 25

Why Study 29

Wh-iff 30

Hobo Jack 31

The Microbe's "Formal" 33

Angelique 34

Students' Bookshelf 38

Summer 39

Farm Opportunities 40

Me On My Pal! 42

On Smoking 43

Random Memories of France 44

In Lighter Vein 46

On Inoculation 47

Travel as a Means of Education 48

Things We Want to Know 50

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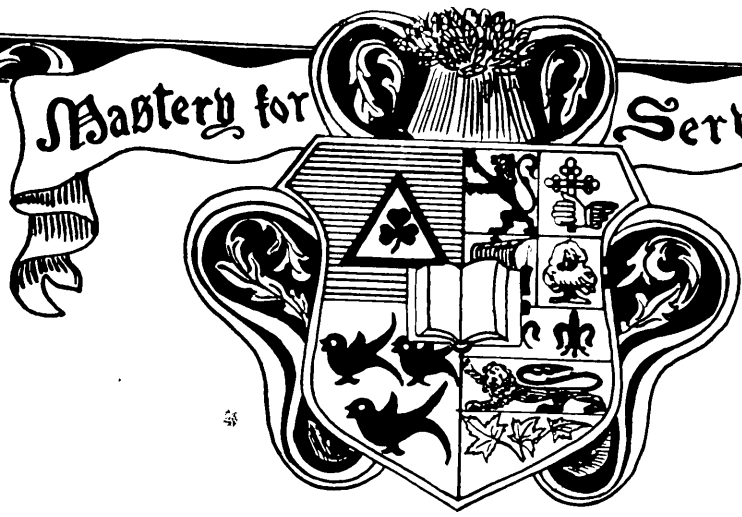

Vol. XVIII No. 1

Macdonald College Magazine

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Ag. Graduates: E. A. Lods, M.S.A.

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THE

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Master For Service

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVII | OCTOBER-NOVEMBER | No. 1

EDITORIAL

Once again we have rallied to the call of old Macdonald's opening term, and it more than pleases us to see so many familiar faces back again. Some of our number have been working hard all summer; others, more fortunate, have been holidaying or travelling, while many are here for the first time. No matter into which category we fall, we are all thankful to be here, for the "fairest of colleges" is no vain boast.

That "the old order changeth" is a generally well-accepted axiom, most of us will agree. Howsoever that may be, it was with great regret we learned that Dr. Harrison, under whose capable guidance the college has so satisfactorily progresed in the past, would not be here to lead us as of yore. Even though we are a faculty of old McGill, we cannot help feeling a little jealous that she should have required the services of our principal.

We take this opportunity to extend a welcome to those students who are here for the first term, and we are looking for them to work in a hearty cooperative spirit with the senior years in order that the session of 1926-27 may be a record one — a record in every field — social, academic and athletic.

"Mastery for Service." Let us live up to this principle as befits the inheritors of such a legacy as ours. It is no use boasting that which we are unwilling to practise and our very presence here should mean a silent acquiescence and material determination to make our college motto more than a necessary ornament.

Our warmest congratulations and good wishes are assured to Mr. S. W. H. Hetherington and Mr. K. Stewart, graduates of this college, who were recently married.

Our deepest sympathy is with Eric Eardley, Agr. '30, in his recent bereavement.

The Wanderer's Song

J. WEST, AGR., '29

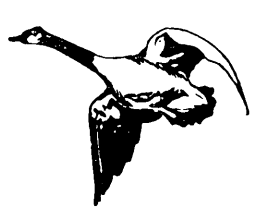
Ye may sing of the comforts of routine life
With everything fixed in its place;
Ye may say what ye lie of the reckless strife
That knocks at the blessings of grace;

Ye can work still ye drop for a living wage
And die in the cities of vice;;
But it's me for the seas where the tempests rage
And clutch with their fingers of ice;

Till life seems a pitful dream
Where a miracle stands 'tween the ship and death
Till the blackness departs, and with quicken'd breath
The morning bursts forth all agleam.

O it's me for the trail of the setting sun
That leads to the ends of the earth,
Where the scum of the world and the dukes are one
Regardless th'endowments of birth.

Won't ye come along now. for the ship sails tonight?
Ye can'nt? Ye've a job at the store?
When we're braving the seas and the tempest's might.
I'll laugh at you slaving ashore!



The Ascent Of Jazz

V. C. Dawson, Ag. 28.

It may seem incredible to the modern younger generation, who for the most part dance jazz, live jazz, and almost eat jazz, that could they be transported backward but a brief decade or so, they would awaken to a world bereft of one of it's most colourful products—good jazz. And yet it is quite true that the brilliant syncopations at present existent have been of almost post-war development — a bound to eminence so meteoric that it amazes.

As to the nature of jazz, upon examination we find it is fundamentally constructed from two essentials. First there is the four-four time fox-trot rhythm. This constitutes the foundation of any dance-score you can pick up. Spread over this foundation, and skillfully interwoven, we have the second of our essentials—a syncopated melody. Both these qualities must be present if we are to have good jazz. Without an agreeable melody a piece becomes tiring, for the senses rebel at the over - accentuated monotonous rhythm. If the rhythm element is weak, then dancing is rendered well-nigh impossible.

I may remark in passing that although most of the present melodies are of our own production, we have borrowed many of our ideas on rhythm from such races as the Negroes, Indians and Mexicans, in whom this sense appears to be very highly developed.

With these two essentials in mind we can at once divide the whole jazz-instrument field into two distinct classes — those which supply or contribute directly to the melody or harmony, and those whose duty it is to provide the rhythm. Since the latter is the smaller class of the two we will consider it first.

In the rhythm class our range of instruments is more or less limited to three — the piano, banjo and traps. Of these three the traps are our only pure rhythm instruments. The piano plays a very prominent part and not infrequently do we find a pianist leading a jazz orchestra. As a matter of fact, if the pianos are doubled, as in some of the larger organizations, they rank equal to the saxophones in importance, and of this imimportance more anon. The piano serves a three-fold purpose. It gives homogeneity to the playing as a whole; it is a very complete solo instrument, and is invaluable for adding a distinctive touch of colour to the whole orchestra. Thus we see the piano is both a rhythm and melody instrument, and regarding its history in jazz-orchestra usage, I may say there has never been a really successful organization without it included a piano.

Turning now to the banjo, we find that this instrument was practically unknown in orchestral usage until the advent of jazz. It has served to fill a long-vacant place for it gives rhythm clear and pronounced, in a more agreeable manner than do the traps or tympani. So far as I can discover, it was originally introduced in Heller's organization on the Pacific Coast in 1909, or thereabouts, and since then it has assumed so important a place that it sometimes takes the leading part. Anyone who was fortunate enough to hear "Sleepy" Hall and his

Yale Collegians will scarcely doubt the efficacy of this instrument when so used. But it requires wonderful technique on the part of the banjo player to take this position.

Last, but very important in the field of rhythm producers, we find the traps and drums. These, of some description or other were man's first musical instruments, although some might possibly object to the adjectives employed. Howener, in defence I will quote the worthy Omar's "Oh! the brave music of the distant drum!"

Surely there will be no objections now? As we have seen, the traps differ from the piano and banjo in that they can only contribute to the rhythm and according to the skill of the player, some novelty effects. But when it is recalled that rhythm is the foundation of jazz, their importance will be realized. I may mention that the famous Art Hickman was himself a master of the traps and drums. You will hear more of him later. As a personal favour I will ask that you refrain from quoting—

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Up to the present we have discussed only three instruments and we have seen that of these three, two were partly melody instruments as well. Let us now direct our attention to the second of the two great classes — the purely melody and harmony instruments.

First in this field, and deservedly so, come the saxophones. The sax is reckoned orchestrally among the wood-wind instruments and on account of the composite quality of its tones, partly reed and partly brass, it lends an agreeable colour and sonority to any musical group. To quote Berlioz—"The tone of the saxophone is soft and expressive in the upper registers, full and rich in the lower, and in the medium profoundly expressive; it has vague analogies to the cello, clarinet or cor anglais, with, however, a brazen tinge." Like the banjo, jazz has also made the saxophone famous, and perhaps the greater part of our modern dance orchestras are led by this unique instrument. The saxophone family is composed of a number of instruments made in different sizes. There is the E flat soprano, the C soprano, the B flat soprano, the E flat alto, C melody and B flat tenor the E flat baritone and the B flat base. With the exception of the C melody, these are all transposing instruments and the range covers more than four octaves, thus leaving plenty of scope to orchestrate for them. The most widely used saxophones are those between the C soprano and E flat baritones, and it has well been said that the sax is the heart, spirit and soul of the jazz-orchestra.

Next in importance to the saxophones come the trumpets and cornets. These are technically known as the "brasses," and their fundamental difference from the saxophone is that the tone is produced by lip, instead of reed, vibration. They serve to carry the sustaining, prolonged chords while the sax players take the melody, or they are used often to carry the melody themselves, while the sax and trombones are muted to a soft accompaniment. The trombone is also a 'brass' instrument, and is chiefly devoted to chord-work.

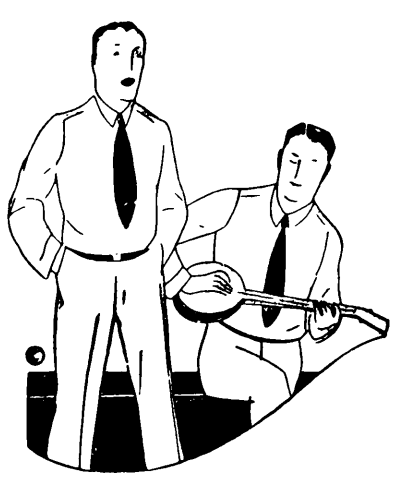
The clarinet, a reed instrument, is not so important now as formerly, and for obvious reasons. The tone is apt to be somewhat hard, and it has been largely supplanted by saxophones on this account. In addition, it is a fairly difficult instrument to master, and these combined cons have detracted from its value. However, a well-played clarinet is a very valuable addition to any jazz-com-

bination, and not infrequently do we find one or more of the saxophonists "doubling up" on the clarinet for new effects during the rendition of a piece.

The violin, which is the last melody instrument we shall discuss, has lost in jazz-orchestras the eminence it had gained in the symphony organizations and other fields of classical endeavor. Still, in common with the clarinet, it is yet a valuable and desirable acquisition to the realm of jazz-instruments. A violin is admirable to give a soft richness to the volume of sound produced by the remainder of the instruments, and in playing waltzes, the tremulous and yearning air of the violin gives just the requisite finish and feeling necessary for this type of music. While playing fox-trots it usually carries a high obligato on the E string, in company, often with the soprano saxes, or it sometimes takes the melody, with a soft saxophone counterpoint below.

With the violin, our review of the jazz-instrument field draws to a close. Of course, we have by no means exhausted the possible range, but lack of space prevents the discussion of such instruments as the tuba, xylophone, French-horns, etc., which, while their presence is very desirable, really present no fundamental introductions to the effects possible of production on the more basic instruments already described.

(To Be Continued.)



Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other. Rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten.—Plato.

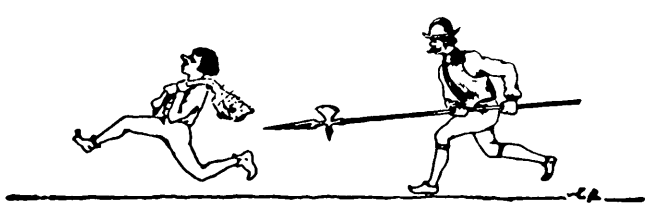
Hot Baths

W. E. LINDLAY AGR., '28

What is more pleasant than the tingling, soothing sensation of being immersed in a large spacious bath filled with hot water? I really mean hot water, too, —not just lukewarm water that one so often uses at the solitary hotel, in a small town.

Mark Anthony spent many hours each day reposing in a tank of hot water. He considered a hot bath the height of enjoyment, and I certainly agree with him. Just to think about a long, warm bath sends a sensation of actual joy down my spine. Just to lie motionless, whilst the water rises slowly, and encloses my cold body with a covering of soft yielding warmth—ah, that is pure pleasure. I like absolute silence when I take my bath, except for the soft purring of the water, as it falls into the bath. I hate people that open the faucet widely and allow the water to rush into the bath, causing an incessant roar and splash. And, as for those maniacs that sing, and whistle, or rollick around in their baths, I consider them positively barbaric and they should be treated as such; their heads should be placed under the faucet and cold water poured into them till they drown.

Each time that I take a hot bath I seem to become hypnotised. In some miraculous manner, I am transported to a sunny, golden beach on a tropical island. A clear blue sky is blanched with huge, soft, undulating clouds;—rippling, green waves break and gurgle on the sand at my feet;—far away in the distance a stately dream ship, with silver sails, rolls lazily over the ocean;—and I am alone and infinitely happy. Then the faint notes of a tom-tom are gradually impressed on my brain. Slowly the sun changes from scarlet to mauve,—the sky becomes a deep violet, and the waves appear as a molten mass, flecked with sheening, shimmering patches. Then, silently, a long winding line of dark-skinned, twisting girls emerges from the shadows. They dance on and on in that pale, mystic light and I gaze, enthralled by their aesthetic beauty. Suddenly, I shiver and awake from my trance. The spell has broken, my dream has fled and I realize that the water is cold and I must dress rapidly or I will miss the first lecture. Ah Life, with all your cold necessities how cruel you are———



A Cantab On Co-Education

Does the presence of the female sex, in a university or college, assist the male student in attaining the object of his education? If it does not—then from the point of view of mere man, co-education is a dead failure.

If you will agree with me that the object of a college education is to so equip a man with knowledge that he may be the more fitted to earn his way in after life—then—if it can be proved that women students do nothing to assist a fellow, but actually hinder him in his attempt to obtain that object—it is therefore obvious that co-education is not only a failure, but a serious menace.

Most freshmen, on their arrival at college for the first time, will inform you that their object in so arriving is to obtain a degree. This is a perfectly right minded point of view as far as it goes, although a degree man, simply because he holds a degree, is not necessarily all that he might have been. It is the combination of a degree with serious thought and study (outside of the routine of set lectures), that usually produces the better man. With spasmodic quizzes liable to be shot at him at odd intervals and term examinations looming in the inevitable, a man, in order to do justice to himself —must spend many an hour in serious study with unswerving perseverance to do his level best and win through.

Where, when or how, then, does the girl student assist a man in performing any part of this process?

To all questions, the answers are emphatically in the negative—for no man has ever been known to have gone so far as to have even hinted that a girl friend assisted him in obtaining his degree.

In fact — if all the graduates from a college were substantially sounded, a very large percentage could give complete evidence to the contrary.

Is this then, a satisfactory state of affairs? In my very humble opinion it is not, for I maintain that the female element of a college tends to distract a fellow from his work and to largely impair the means by which he is attempting to reach his ideals.

A young man, on entering college life, is at once confronted by a bevy of frivolous, boisterous, and perhaps, I might add, attractive young girls. Only naturally, at his age, he becomes greatly affected by practically having to live with such a vast association of the opposite sex — and is very soon beguiled into the vice of saying "Hullo" to some forward hussy every time he chances to meet her. Having once fallen into this devil's trap —he is easy prey for the feline tentacles that are being slowly extended round him for some ultra-motive.

Excited, elated, and feeling positive that he has made "A hit" — the poor boy contrives to see "his woman" at all possible moments.

Not content with being forced to gaze at her during three meals per day—he finds himself compelled to ask her to partake of a fourth with him, which in all probability developes into a tete-a tête at the local tea shop.

This is a specially venomous form of attack—for not only does the apparent host come away financially poorer after having paid for tea—toast—jam or gum—but at the same time his mind has become the more empty due to childish prattle and frivolous chitchat.

On returning to his room—after such an encounter—the well-meaning but sorely tried youth, makes a valiant attempt to settle down to work and make up for

lost time. He opens a book, as a commencement, but probably sees nothing but a sweet, smiling face surrounded by a frieze of adorable curls.

Brushing this vision aside with manly will power—he may succeed in calculating the Hydrogen Ion concentration of a certain solution, but only to find the answer in the women's residence.

Exasperated by repeated failures to overcome his hallucination, but determined to better things on the morrow—he flings himself into bed, only to dream.

And thus do the tentacles tighten.

Unable, through force of circumstances, to completely isolate himself from the female environment, the student never has a chance to fairly combat the enemy.

And so, again, at the close of lecture periods—when a few moments overtime could be profitably employed in finishing an experiment, or in asking his lecturer a question—he persuades himself that some mail awaits him; whereupon he rushes wildly to the wicket with eyes cast everywhere but at his box.

Likewise at meals—when ample time should be allotted for the proper digestion of his food—he is found to be bolting his eats—so that not a moment of the meeting, that is to follow, should be sacrificed for mere love of self.

Enough has been said to amply prove how the well-intentioned youth is hindered from doing his duty by the influence of the feminine element in a college.

Not only has it been shown that much of his time is actually snatched from him and spent in company with a girl—but, what is far worse, his thoughts are forever being permeated with the selfsame influence.

What commonsense individual can truthfully state that Co-education is the Acme of Educational Systems?

The Wonderful Hawk

A hawk there is who prowls around
In corners dark and light,
It has no eyes when daylight's here
But oh! just wait till night.

At six o'clock the whistle goes,
For all must be in bounds;
But still that awful hawk remains
Neath bushes in the grounds.

At night when all should be asleep,
Some girls traverse the hall,
Then from the janitor's closet it leaps
And catches one and all.

In the mail box Monday morning
Is a summons short and sweet.
To be present at a meeting
Where the house birds act a treat.

A treat! what treat, you'll wonder?
Well, I'll tell you in a word,
It will hear you plead for mercy
And will make it's own voice heard.

For disobeying orders,
It announces, loud and shrill,
A fine to the victrola budget
You will pay, against your will.

"Yes," demurely says the maiden
As she vanishes from sight,
Next time you won't catch us
If we stay out till mid-night.

Putting Chickens To Bed

S. Wallford, Ag. 26.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower."

That, dear readers, is the brightest spot in my rosy existence since swearing off College for life, then wishing, within a month, that I were back.

"Between the dark and the daylight"— that's bedtime for well-raised chickens.

Here most of them retire with scarcely a murmur — roam into their houses at the aproach of dusk, and are soon submerged — if we can lay any interpretation on the forthcoming gurgles — are soon submerged in happy dreams such as well-fed, carefree, contented chickens alone can enjoy.

"And the rest?" you ask? — "the wild, rebellions ones, who prefer to sleep out nights or run around long after the discrete sisters and brothers have retired?" They're the ones I like — the ones that furnish me so much amusement.

Historical Resume

When they were young and absolutely unaffected, my charges would all listen to eason — a mere suggestion or sharp word would send them scampering off home to retire — then bed-time was nothing short of monotonous.

Soon a few individuals became wayward, hid themselves behind the houses or out in the fields, and complained loudly at any intrusion — then began the nightly game of hide-and-seek which has continued ever since.

This, in turn, was positively aggravating until I learned to see the humor of the situation and accept it as a game and not a chore. Since then the sport has gradually become so interesting, that I not only look forward to the chickens bed-time, but often find "my man Friday" waiting for me on the Range after hours to join in the merry chase.

Long, long ago (it must be at least three pay days back) the bounds extended a mere stone's throw from the houses, and the technique involved only a sprint around each house until pursuer dropped exhausted. Then, almost overnight the game shifted to the hedge lines where the bushes offered partial concealment, and sprinting was nothing short of a mild form of suicide. Here weapons and missiles entered the sport to stay.

Let several months elapse . . . (indicating a long time) and join me this evening on my closing up trip. We'll start at the hedge between the north and south ranges, and head west.

All right, we're off. Now let's try to catch that group of pullets in the clump of choke-cherry bushes — take it easy or you'll frighten them away. Ah, those squawks tell me you've got one. Hang on to her and do as I do to this one—we'll cure them of that habit. Hold both legs and let her hang. Yah, that's the system. Now fold up the right wing like this, grasp the long feathers and jerk down quickly. Not hard enough that time—you missed two primaries. Got them? — all right let her go. She'll not likely fly up again until she grows another set of flights.

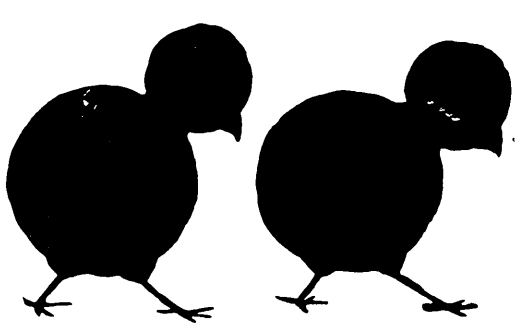
See that one sail off like a partridge? She does that every night. I'd give a lot to wing her, but she's too tricky for me. Nearly ran myself ragged one night trying to get hold of her, and—what's that

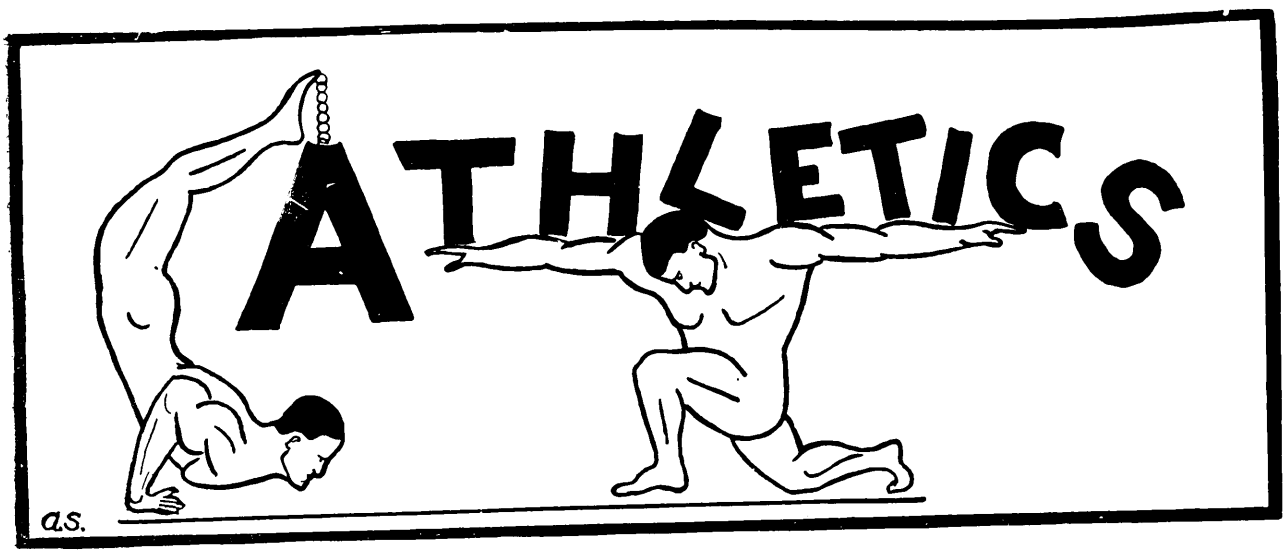
chirping you ask? Run over and take a look. Pretty aren't they? That pullet hatched them out in a hidden nest down by the river—no, she's not a hen — she was only hatched in march. Two generations in six months certainly is rapid multiplication.

Can't reach that bird on the little basswood tree? Don't bother stretching: just shake. Aha, she clings, does she? Harder this time — hear her flap when she landed? That's because of a stripped wing — it throws her off her balance while landing just as it does when she tries to fly. She must have climbed and fluttered to get up that high.

Can't shake that tree, can you? All right, let's try another set of tactics. Break off that dead limb, try to push the birds off. No luck? Well, fetch a few stones and we'll see if we can come close enough to scare them off. But don't hit them. I missed my shot the other night and sent one to the graveyard. Not so good — they're wise to that game too. Guess a heavy rock is our best resort. Bounce it off the branch they're perched on. That's got the last of them. Now, let's look in that branch and we'll try to wing a few in the low bushes of the Range, (A short time elapses). Everything closed up except the pedigrees. No, we don't bother with them because their first handling will be to put them in laying quarters — we're apt to move the others at any time so have to keep them in the houses where they can be looked over, counted and collected easily.

Great sport, wasn't it? Ever see such a wild bunch of birds in your life? even wild for Leghorns. What's that? Sure c'mon over any time you like. Next week there will be moonlight and they're wild as blazes. Then we'll have some real fun G'night Buddy.





The Rugby Season

Looking behind at the games we have played, I am glad to see that our rugby team has been successful this year. Five games were on the programme, 3 of which are to our credit.

On Saturday, Oct. 16, the season opened with the traditional game against Ste. Anne's team. The Wanderers wondered for two weeks how they had lost the game against Macdonald. Used to victories in the previous years they were disappointed this year.

At the very beginning of the game the visitors were politely chased behind their lines for a touch down which was converted. In the third quarter after a strenuous effort the "Blue Sweaters" kicked the ball over our lines counting a point in their favour. The game ended with the final score 1—6.

Four days later, on Wednesday 20, Commerce, (McGill) played us on our own grounds. During the first quarter Hicks kicked the ball behind the visitors' lines and scored one point. But our adversaries suddenly wakened up, started to play a very open game. Due to their fast halves they managed to go through our line for a touch during the third quarter. In the last quarter they raised their score to 6 points with a rouge. Final Score 6—1.

The Wanderers, real daredevils, came back for a second assault on Saturday Oct. 30th. More wonders. They went back home whitewashed this time.

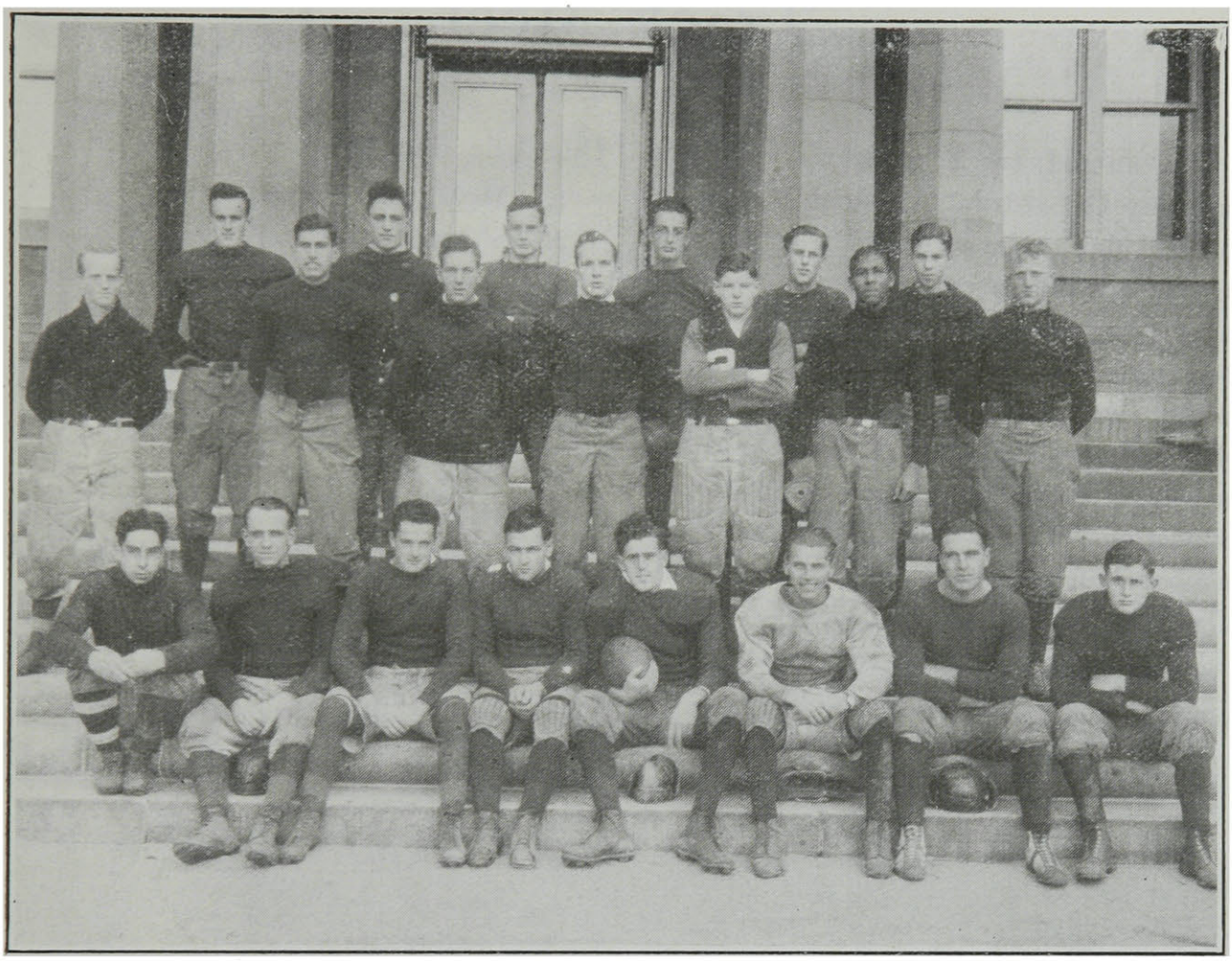
With all their skill they were not able to stop Millinchamp from going through their line for two touches and Machacek for one touch. Our team played a very good game that day, showing their superiority over their local opponents. Final score 0—15.

November 3, Final game for the Interfaculty championship. This was the most exciting game of the season, played in Montreal against Dentistry (McGill) in a field of mud.

Hicks made a rouge during the first quarter and from that time on, nobody scored till the end of the last quarter. There were 2 minutes to go when the Dents made a rouge. So far the score was 1—1.

The game would have been a tie if it had not been extended over five minutes without notice, till Dentistry made another rouge ending the game with 2—1 in their favour.

Immediately our manager had the splendid brain wave of challenging the



The Rogby Squad.

Dents for a game here at Macdonald on November 13.

Our boys were firmly decided to white-wash the "Teeth pullers" who had stolen the last game from them. The field was covered with a nice coat of snow for that purpose.

Hicks made a rouge in the first quarter and Millinchamp another one in the last quarter. Our brothers the Dentists were forced to leave the field with their hunger unsatisfied.

An invitation to supper and dance at night was extended to the visitors as a consolation. Macdonald had showed the Dents how to win a game with fairplay.

Scores:

Commerce 6, Macdonald 1.
Wanderers 1, Macdonald 6.
Dentistry 2, Macdonald 1.
Wanderers 0, Macdonald 15.
Dentistry 0, Macdonald 2.

Track Meet

The annual track meet was held on Saturday Oct. 23rd. Although it was not an ideal day, a large crowd was on hand for the opening event. Despite the cold and rather poor condition of the track good time was recorded in the running events. As an added attraction the girls put on several races, and much credit is due Miss Saberton for her work in this connection. Our thanks are due those members of the staff who so ably fulfilled the following positions:—

Judges—Dean Barton, Dr. DuPorte, Dr. Dickson.

Starter—Mr. Vanterpool.

Timer—Prof. Coulson, Mr. North.

Announcer—Pres. Heslop.

The results were as follows:—

Girls 75 yd. dash

1. Miss Baller.
2. Miss Seifeit.
3. Miss Saberton.

Time 10 1-5 sec.

Girls 120 yd. dash.

1. Miss Seifeit.
2. Miss Saberton.
3. Miss Smith.

Time 16 sec.

Intersectional Relay Race (1-4 mile.)

1. Section A & B.
2. Section C.
3. Section D.

Time 1 min. 7 2-5 sec.

Men's Events

Two Mile Race

1. McMaster
2. Sharvelle
3. Fraser

Time 12 min. 52 1-5 sec.

One Mile Race

1. McMaster
2. Sharvelle
3. Fraser

Time 5 min. 44 3-5 sec.

Hop, Step and Jump

1. Paige
2. Cook
3. Millinchamp

Distance 36 ft.

100 yd. dash

1. **Laroque**
3. Montserin

Time 11 sec.

High Jump

1. Montserin
2. Cook
3. Millinchamp

Height 4 ft. 11 in.

Half Mile Race

1. Millinchamp
2. Paige
3. Sharvelle

Time 2 min. 31 4-5 sec.

Shot Put

1. MacDougall
2. Montserin
3. Hicks

Running Broad Jump

Distance 29 ft. 4 1-2 in.

1. Paige
2. Laroque
3. Sharvelle

Distance 17 ft. 1-2 in.

220 Yds. Race

1. Paige
2. Montserin
3. Millinchamp

Time 25 4-5 sec.

Standing Broad Jump.

1. Cook
2. Paige
3. Millinchamp

Distance 9 ft. 1 in.

Pole Vault

1. Patterson
2. Montserin
3. Dalton

Height 7 ft. 7 in.

Athletic Executive

MACDONALD COLLEGE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

Officers for the session 1926-27 were elected as follows:—

Honorary President—Dr. H. D. Brunt.

Honorary Vice-President—Mr. Lockhart.

President—B. C. Montserin (Agr. '27).

First Vice-President—E. Emmett (T. '27).

Second Vice-President—E. C. Odell (B. H. S. '27).

Secretary-Treasurer —P. W. Fernau, (Agr. '28).

Manager of Plays—J. Worden (B. H. S. '28).

Manager of Contests—J. West (Agr. '28)

Manager of Debates—V. C. Dawson, (Agr. '28).

The opening weeks of the college session having vanished, it remains but to take a final glance at the season's first productions by the "Lit."—a double bill consisting of Lord Dunsany's "Fame and the Poet" and Anton Tchekov's "The Marriage Proposal," and in addition, the Annual Elocutionary Contest. The plays were read on the night of October 22nd, and the Contest was witnessed on November 3rd in the Assembly Hall.

Before entering upon any detailed criticism of the acting and production of the plays, it may be well to consider one or two facts of great importance. In the first place, the "Lit" has placed everyone connected with the college under a distinct obligation. To everyone, equally, it is in great measure educational, and its ability to attract and hold the attention of a student audience was strongly illustrated at the playreadings of October 22nd. That the plays were not so well patronized is no reflection on the dramatic section, as the appointed hour coincided with that set aside for inoculation against Typhoid, and many were unable to attend on that account.

The "Lit" is very much indebted to the Manager of Plays for making these two productions the success that they were. I think that I have the greater part of the audience with me in saying that the second play "The Marriage Proposal" was the more successful from the point of view of acting production. From the rise of the curtain, Miss Sabberton, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. McMaster who composed the triangular cast, had the audience with them. There was that ease and perfect finish in acting rarely seen upon the amateur stage.

"Fame and the Poet" which was staged first was also well received. The acting was realistic, and this production, like the other, involved a triangular cast in which M. P. Fernau as a Poet, Mr. A. Law as Mr. Prattle and Miss Frances

Playfair as Fame kept the house amused. Unfortunately, its production was not so effective as the former play on account of the lack of proper staging facilities.

The Dramatic Section of the "Lit," however, has shown us that there is quite a great deal of talent (in connection with acting) to be found in the present student body, which should be worth developing.

In connection with the Annual Elocutionary Contest, it is to be sadly regretted that there were not more competitors. The pieces chosen by those who took part were of exceptional literary value and were on the whole well delivered, the winners being—Miss B. Scott and Miss M. Hawkes in the women's divisions, and Mr. N. McMaster, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. C. C. Macdougall in the men's section.

It may not be out of place, here, to make a earnest request for absolute attention during the meetings conducted in the Assembly Hall. In itself, the task of speaking in public is no easy one, especially to those possessed of a nervous temperament such as most amateurs are. In addition, the Assembly Hall is not possessed of ideal acoustic properties, and frequently the best part of a speech is lost to the audience on this account. It is sincerely hoped that students in the audience will co-operate in giving speakers a fair chance, free of interruption, during the moments that they occupy the stage.—B. G. M.

THE HOBO PARTY

"John, can you lend me a pair of—"

"Say, you are the tenth fellow who has been around within the last ten minutes asking for a——."

"But wait a minute, you don't even know what I was going to ask."

"Don't know! My dear chap, when one decides to rake up a costume for a hobo party half an hour before the thing begins, one's chief concern is old pants, and, incidentally, I am looking for a pair myself."

"But why the dickens didn't you say so at first, instead of wasting a minute and a half of my valuable time."

"Get out," crash, "and stay out."

Thus ends the first chapter with the party still in the offing.

Enchanting music and alluring costumes lend colour and zest to the occasion, and the hunt for partners begins. After a glance around the walls of the Girls' Gym one decides that most of the hoboes must have decided to attend in disguise, since all varieties of costumes, from diatetic Klu Klux Klaners to bold, bad pirates, meet the eye. Perhaps one should not say meet the eye, since that organ, in most cases, is more than willing to go fifty-fifty on the meeting business.

However there is plenty of hobo spirit in evidence, and two hours or so pass by with amazing rapidity. Then comes the Grand March, during which the Judges have the difficult task of selecting the most realistic tramps from the general mass. A very life like portrayal of Barney Google and his nag puts a kink in the procession for a few moments, but for some unknown reason Sparky decides to withdraw, and does so with astonishing agility. After a most exacting scrutiny the Judges decide that the Misses

and Messrs. Maltais and Henry are the prize winners. Applause greets the judges' decision, and the music begins again. Unfortunately a Hobo Party cannot last for ever, and all too soon, the last dance is played, and another party is a memory.

Tempus Fugit

By Mac the P. G.

A funny tragedy in a couple of Acts.

Dramatis personae

Aristotle—A college Prof.
Archimedes—His left-hand man.
Nero—His dog (A Siberian tea hound).
J. Rudolph Woodhead
I. Kneck Freely —College Students.
A Justice of the Peace (What little peace there is.)
A Wordly Wise Man.
A Janitor.
More College Students, Policemen, or what have you.
Dido
Cleopatra —College She-Shieks
Dora Simple (She never knew even though she was told.)
More ce-eds, for atmosphere and background.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Enter Aristotle, Woodhead, Freely Dido, Cleopatra, Dora Simple and the rest of the students who come to rest.

Aristotle—"Sit down class, or I'll give you gas,
While I call the roll.
It'll be your knell when I ring the bell.
If you let your senses stroll."

Woodhead (Aside to Freely)—"I'd like to know who told my old man this was a college."

Freely (To Woodhead)—"Shut up! You ought to be glad that this isn't a workhouse anyway. We don't work.

Dido (Aside to Cleopatra)—"What happened to that cake-eater, Mark Anthony?"

Cleo (Aside to Dido) "Flunked!"

Dora Simple (Publicly) Z-Z-Z-z-z!
and Freely's near,
Aristotle: "Let's see. Woodhead's here
Cleo and Dido are by.
But what's come to pass with the rest of the class?
Whither did they hie?"

Woodhead (aside)—Most are a bit off-oiled.) aloud:"Don't know, Sir!"

Freely (Aside—"Second the motion.")

Dora—"Z-Z-Z-z-z!"

Aristotle—"The lesson to-day will your senses sway,
By many rules so rigid;
Since the world was begun, it allus was run
By the great law, 'TempusFugit' ."

Woodhead—"Gwan! So's your old man."

Freely—"I protest!"

Dido and Cleo—"How does he get that way?"

Student Chorus—"We don't believe it!"

Dora—"Z-Z-Z-z-z-z!"

Aristotle—"What do you know about it? See here, I got this from a book."

Dido—"Arabian Nights, I'll bet!"

Aristotle—"I didn't!"

Students—"You did!"

Aristotle—"I didn't!"

Students —"You did—did—did!"

Aristotle (Aside) "? ? % $! !"

Enter Archimedes, Nero, Janitor (Tout ensemble).

Archimedes—"What in the——is the matter?"

Dido and Cleo.—"That guy said 'Tempus Fugit!"

Aristotle—"I didn't!"

Students—"You did!"

Aristotle (Noticing for the first time favourable appearance of Dido and Cleopatra) "Why! So I did, my mistake!"

Woodhead—"Here! You can't do that! A college prof. should never take back anything he says. Anyway, you're wrong."

Freely (Aside) — "So is your old Mandarin."

Aristotle—"I'm not! I'll prove it to you."

Students—"Applesauce."

Dora—"Z-Z-Z-z-z!"

Archimedes —"Shut up! Let's arbitrate. Call a cop, and we'll see a J. P."

Enter Traffic Policeman.

Dido—"Arrest that man, Captain! He's too darn fresh. Exceeded speed limit. Really winked at me." (Smiling at policeman.)

Aristotle (Weakly)—"I didn't!"

Traffic Policeman—"Tell that to the judge."

Dora—"Z-Z-Z-z-z."

ACT II

Scene I.—A courtroom.

Enter principals en masse.

Justice of the Peace—"Sit down, all of you. Remember that anything you say will be used against you."

Aristotle—"Your Honour, I beg—."

Justice—"Sit down."

Aristotle—"But, your Honor—!"

Justice—"SIT—DOWN!" (Aristotle sits.) "Now officer. What is the charge against the one called Aristotle."

Traffic Cop.—"Verily I say unto you, your Honour, on two charges. Exceeded the social speed limit, and also committed treason of the nth degree. He dared to say 'Tempus Fugit.' "

All (Except Aristotle, Nero, Dora)—"O-O-Oh! Dastardly crime!"

Aristotle—"I protest!"

Nero——"Woof Woof!" Meaning 'You're nuts.'

Dora—"Z-Z-Z-Z--z."

Justice—"Shut up! All of you." (To Aristotle.) "State your case."

Aristotle—"Non omnia possumus omnes. Lite pendente, litera scripta manet. Mirabile dictu, Tempus fugit. As I said to my classes, 'Omnia vincit labor,' but they would not believe it. Non compos mentis sunt. Principia, non homines, principiis obsta, pro bono publico. In other words, I am not guilty."

Justice—"Well, why didn't you say so at once? I can't understand Polish."

Wordly Wise Man—"Don't let him get away with that, Judge. I heard that story before. Make him prove that "Tempus Fugit!" "

Justice (Aside to W. W. M.)—"I guess you are right. I don't like his face. Besides he sicced his dog on my black tomcat once. (To Aristotle) "Prove in sane and sound mind that Time does fly!"

Aristotle—"Mon Dieu! That is too easy. Has not a bird wings? Cannot men fly in areoplanes? I have often seen a dog fly at a cat. Have not clouds often wings? What about the Flying Wings on the Canadian Rugby teams? Locomotives are often called 'Flyers.' I have heard of flying fish, flying squirrels, flying squadrons, flying shot and shell, flying kites, flying dust, rags, paper, spores, hats, ad infinitum. Verily again I remark unto you. Cannot time fly?"

Justice—" 'Nuff said! You're a crook, a traitor, a bum. You dare to call yourself a prof. H—l, you did not even mention 'Flying colours.' Just for that, I sentence you to a series of lectures by yourself on 'the workings of an unsound mind,' with guards to see that you don't fall asleep. Set yourself an examination, answer questions six and nine with abundant illustrations in water colours. Now, I'm going to call for volunteers for some students to be his guards. Who'll be it?"

Students—"Rats, be it yourself. You aren't doing anything."

Justice (Taken by surprise, staggers back and steps on Nero's posterior anatomy, Nero having during the past moments examined J. P.'s lunch behind desk, suspecting proximity of extinct member of the species Canus) "Whatinell is that? Who let that mongrel in? Put him out." (Kicks Nero.)

Aristotle (rushing forward)—"Kick my dog, would you!"

Justice—"I didn't kick your dog."

Aristotle—"You did!"

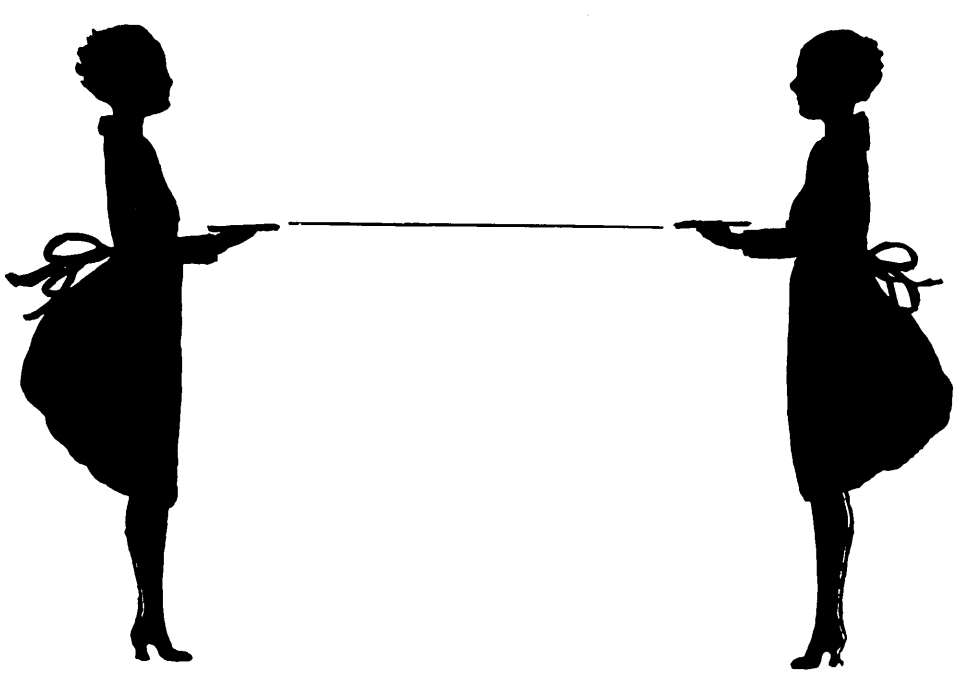
Justice—"I didn't."

Aristotle (Drawing his Smith-Wessen, and downing justice of peace with eleven well placed shots) "Sic transit Gloria."

Court in uproar. Curtain falls. After interval Aristotle sticks head through slit in curtain. "Hurrah, Tempus fugit."

Omnes exeunt from Greek theatre to Greek restaurant.

FINIS.



Faculty Items

Dean Barton addressed a meeting of the Kiwanis Club of Ottawa on October the eighth. On the twenty-third of October he was present at a banquet given during the ploughing match at Hudson Heights by T. B. McCauley where he also gave an address. On the second of November the Dean addressed a joint meeting of the Macdonald and Montreal branches of the C. S. T. A. held at the University of Montreal Club.

Dean Laird again conducted a party of over a hundred teachers, and others engaged in professional life across Canada. In the Western Provinces he met many former students of Macdonald College from the School for Teachers and the School of Agriculture.

Professors Summerby, Dickson, McTaggart and Mr. Vanterpool attended the International Congress of Plant Sciences at Cornell during the latter part of August.

Dr. J. F. Snell is for the second consecutive year Chairmon of Programme Committee of the Montreal Section of the Society of Chemical Industry. He was also a member of the program committee of the Dominion Convention of Chemists, held in Montreal at the beginning of June under the joint auspices of the Society of Chemical Industry, the Canadian Institute of Chemistry and the Technical Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association.

Mr. W. A. Maw attended the annual convention of the Poultry Science Society at State College, Pennsylvania, during August.

In July Dean Barton, Professor Summerby and Mr. Hodgins were in a party that made an inspection of several of the Demonstration Farms of the Province of Quebec.

Professors Summerby and McTaggart judged at the Quebec Provincial Seed Fair at Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere last spring. They also attended the Provincial Ploughing Match at La Prairie in October.

Dr. W. H. Brittain, Agr. '11, has been appointed Professor of Entomology and Zoology. He comes from the Nova Scotia Agricultural College where he held a similar position.

Dr. Latimer has been appointed head of the newly created Department of Aggricultural Economics.

Messrs. Maw, Ness, Crampton and Coulson were appointed Assistant Professors in their respective Departments by the Board of Governors of McGill University on July twentieth.

New members on the teaching staff of the School of Household Science this session are: Miss J. F. Turnbull, Galt, Ont., a graduate in Household Science of Toronto University, who succeeds Miss Jean Simpson, and Miss Ida Staud, Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of Mechanics Institute, Rochester Athenaeum, succeeding Miss Campbell.

Miss Hazel McCain was appointed in June in charge of Household Science Extension work, and superintendent of Quebec's Women's Institutes. Miss McCain formerly held a similar position in New Brunswick for several years.

After spending a year's leave of absence doing research work at the University of Manitoba, Mr. T. C. Vanterpool returns to the Department of Plant Pathology to resume his work here. During his stay in

Manitoba he worked under the tenure of the Hudson's Bay Company's Research Fellowship on the organ causing Bunt of Wheat.

During August Mr. Walker judged the groups and plants at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, also the plant groups and cut flowers at the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa.

Mr. C. L. Landon, Extension Poultry Husbandman, has resigned to take over a position in British Columbia as Field Instructor on the Provincial Department of Agriculture. The vacancy caused by Mr. Landon's leaving has been filled by the appointment of C. D. Fogerty, Agr. '28, as Extension Poultry Husbandman.

Miss Hayward attended the summer session at Columbia University, New York, during July and August.

Miss M. E. Smith spent part of the summer vacation at the University of Wisconsin carrying on research work in anatomy.

Messrs. W. H. Mueller, B. A. University of Alberta, and D. A. Fowler, B. A., University of New Brunswick have been added to the staff of the Chemistry Department as Graduate Student Assistants.

Mr. H. S. Cook, B. A., Headmaster of the High School attended Teachers College, Columbia University, during the summer session, and is working for his Master's degree.

Miss Grace E. Revel (T. '17) has been appointed French Specialist in the High School. Miss Revel was born in Switzerland and is bi-lingual. She comes back to Macdonald College after several years' experience in the Province.

Mr. C. B. Ogden, former member of the Staff of St. Lambert High School, has been appointed as a teacher in Macdonald High School with special oversight of all sports and games. A very successful school day was held this fall, and a baseball team is being prepared for school matches.

Miss Ellison M. Tilton has returned to the High School after a year's absence as a teacher in Quebec.

Miss Elsie E. Paige (T. 26) who won the medal for second place in the Intermediate Class, and the Governor-General's medal for Teaching, has also been appointed to the staff of the High School.

Miss M. Russell reports a pleasant holiday at Brackley Beach, Prince Edward Island.

On September the twenty-first Miss P. A. Clarke, H. Sc. '23 was married to Mr. T. C. Vanterpool, Agr. '23 at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bemont are the proud parents of a son, Leslie Edward, born on August the eleventh.

THE SECOND REUNION

The second reunion of the Graduates in Agriculture is now history. The enthusiastic gathering held last June was really more than of the graduates, as wives, children and former members of the staff were also present. Considering the way we are scattered, an attendance of eighty graduates made up a very satisfactory percentage of the total number. In addition, sixteen of the wives present were "Macdonald Girls." We were pleased to have with us as former members of the staff, Dr. Klink, Dr. and Mrs. Swain, Mr. and Mrs. Elford, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderleck accompanied by "Cherry and Chimmie" and Dr. Grant Lochhead. Altogether, then, the reunion was quite a Macdonald College family gathering.

We were pleased to have with us Dean Howes of Alberta. Dean Howes was with us throughout. His presence at the reunion, the nature of his address at the luncheon given by the College, and the fact of his connection with the Macdonald Movement in rural education makes us feel that

he is part of us. As we listened to his address we were impressed with the idea that he also felt that he was part of the "Macdonald Crowd."

The reception given the reunion by the College was most cordial. The efforts of Dr. Harrison and his staff, both officially and personally were very much appreciated. Dr. Harrison's welcome gave the returning graduates a feeling of being heartily received by their Alma Mater, and to this welcome much was added by the fact that the reunion guests found their rooms decorated with peonies presented as a greeting by the Department of Horticulture. With all this, the arrangements for accommodation and the arrangements in the dining room made the stay at the college a very pleasant one.

The reunion followed the progamme previously given in the Magazine and in the programme book sent to graduates. The social events all came off very well. The only mishaps in the river trip were that John, son of Bob Summerby, learned that a hat thrown overboard was gone forever, and that some of the ladies had, in their preparations for dinner that evening, to contend with rather highly coloured necks and noses. The sun was very bright that day! The dinner was a success: the food was good, and the speeches all of Macdonald talent, were good, witty, and brief. At the College Luncheon we had the pleasure of a most pleasant address given by Dean Howes.

A halt in the proceedings of the reunion was made in memory of the graduates who died in the war. Following appropriate organ selections and a short statement by Dr. Harrison, a floral wreath was hung on the Memorial Tablet.

One day was largely given up to the business meetings of the Alumni Association, the details of which are not called for in this account. However, mention should be made of Dean Barton's address. In this address which was followed with keen interest, the Dean discussed in detail the work and plans of the Faculty of Agriculture, putting clearly before its graduates the position of this faculty. This presentation, together with the discussion which followed, resulted in the graduate body present understanding much more thoroughly the plans of Macdonald College for its work.

RESOLUTIONS

1. The Graduates in Agriculture are very much gratified with the unqualified success and whole-hearted enjoyment of this second reunion, and desire to tender their sincere thanks:—

(a) To Principal Harrison and the members of his staff for placing at the service of the Reunion the entire facilities of the College.

(b) To the chairman and the members of the general committee and the various sub-committees for their excellent arrangements for both the entertainment and business features of the reunion.

(c) To the Department of Horticulture for their gracious floral welcome.

(2) Whereas it is very desirable that the friendship for and support of the College by all students who have taken courses at any time should be maintained, be it resolved that, with the exception of the business sessions of the Agricultural Alumni Association, the next reunion should include, as far as possible, all ex-students in Agriculture.

3. Whereas the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the College should be made the occasion of special celebrations, be it resolved that the next reunion be held if possible at that time.

4. The graduates in Agriculture on the occasion of this second reunion desire to place on record their deep appreciation of Professor Wm. Lochhead's long and valu-

able services to Macdonald College, their gratification at seeing his excellent portrait now placed in the library, and their sincere wish that both Professor Lochhead and Mrs. Lochhead may enjoy many years of health and happiness.

REUNION NOTES

LOST—SLEEP: By the Reunion Committee several hours of sleep planning the details of the second reunion

LOST—SLEEP: By the Graduates attending the reunion, a large proportion of two nights sleep lost in the process of consuming tobacco, talking over old times, and in dumping beds.

LOST—SLEEP: By the wives of the graduates isolated on the top floor of the Men's Residence, lost, several hours sleep wondering: —

(1) when is that husband of mine coming to bed

(2) what is that terrible row going on downstairs

(3) is my husband taking part in that uproar

(4) is it really true that the men downstairs are coming up to dump the beds where the married graduates are ? ? (the arrangements of the punctuation marks we are leaving to the editor or to the English Department.)

LOST—STRAW HAT: By one of the graduates, an extremely new straw hat with an extremely bright band. The finder may keep both.

The heavy man quartete was made up L. C. MacOuat, Lyster, Bothwell and E. L. Hodgins. Lyster's remark, after looking Bothwell over, was "I'm jealous of you."

On looking over the reservations for accommodations, we saw in the column for wives, the entry "2" opposite the name of one of the graduates. He is from Toronto not Turkey. (Later information led us to understand that figure 2 did not refer to the number of wives, but that his wife's sister was coming also).

QUERY—Who was the woman at the reunion, a former Mac student, who said that she was getting a thrill out of the idea of sleeping in the Men's Residence?

QUERY—Who was the graduate who forgot to tell his wife that 110 voltage curling tongs do not work properly on a 220 current?

QUERY—Who was the college official who put the sign "WELCOME" over the college gates and then let the caretaker lock the gates?

Meals at Mac are taken "table d'haste."

Class Reorganizations

POST-GRADUATES 1926-27

The annual crop of Grads who attend Macdonald College has been somewhat decreased this year, the phenomenon being partly due to the withdrawal of the Macdonald Scholarships from most of the provinces. However there are the ten members of the present year who are upholding the moral of the Post-Grad yell, men who have come from nearly all provinces of Canada, as well as one Grad who hails from the land of the Scots. The why and wherefore of each Grad is as follows:—

E. J. Dyce, B. S. A. (Toronto); W. F. Cough, B. S. A. (B. C.); A. Law, M. A. (Edin.); J. E. Machacek, M. S. A. (Sask.); J. B. Maltais, B. S. A. (Laval); C. R. Mitchell, B. S. A. (McGill); C. Perrault, B. S. A.. (McGill); R. Pomerleau, B. S. A.. (Laval); R.Raynauld, B. A., B. S. A., (Montreal); C. Turcot, B. S. A., (Montreal).

The class organized with a view of promoting a closer relation between the members of the class and the rest of the student body than had existed before, and up to the present the plan is meeting with success. We can hope to repeat our athletic successes of the past year with some difficulty, but the available material is good. The officers of the class are given below:—

Honorary President—Dr. B. T. Dickson.

Honorary Vice-President —Dr. J. S. Sanborn.

President—J. E. Machacek.

Vice-President—W. F. Gough.

Sec. Treas.—C. Perrault.

Athletic Repr.—J. E. Machacek.

The class yell for the present year is one which expresses the spirit of the Grads, and is one which can be heard in the odd corridor at almost any unsuspected time, as well as on the campus at the proper time. Here it is, folks.

Razz them! Jazz them! Make them step!
We're the boys who have the pep!
Who in M. A. C. are we?
McGill Post-Grads!
A-A-A-a-a-a-a-h!

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '27

"Rig—jig—boom, a-lak-a sis boom bah
Are we in it? Oh yes we are
Shall we win it? No doubt we'll say:
'27 '27 B. S. A."

As the "Fall in" sounded, the veterans entered upon the final lap with renewed enthusiasm. Dame Fortune would fain have our membership restricted to the chosen few, and, like the seven sages, we have undertaken the weighty burdens which befall all seniors. The present spirit augurs well for a most successful year, and we have started our campaign with a good "Field Day" exhibition, second only to the doughty Sophs.

At a class meeting held on the 8th October, the following officers were elected:—

Hon. President—Dean Barton.
Hon. Vice-President—Dr. J. R. Sanborn.
President—B. G. Montserin.
Vice-President—R. K. Bennett.
Secretary-Treasurer—N. A. Patterson.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '28.

When we assembled this autumn, we found that we had received three new members, but had lost two of the old gang. To the former we have made welcome;

the latter we shall always miss. With one of the largest and most cosmopolitan classes in college, we hope this year to repeat our former successes.

At the first meeting of the class, the following officers were elected:—

Hon. President—Dr. B. T. Dickson.

Hon. Vice-President—Dr. J. Raymond Sanborn.

President—G. M. Tait.

Vice-President—Hamilton Marshall.

Secretary Treasurer—P. W. Fernan.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '29

Though we miss two of our number from last year, we feel that we are amply repaid by our seven new members, of whom five have entered under the recent arrangements made with Truro Agricultural College. A hearty welcome is extended to all. While offering our sympathies to those who have had to repeat their year, we are selfish enough to hold ourselves fortunate in acquiring them to add to our athletic strength. The field-meet, in which we carried off both the individual and the class aggregates, surely justifies this selfishness.

When to these assets we add the enthusiasm and elocutionary example of our fair members 'cross the campus, we feel that we are embarking upon a really successful year.

Hon. Pres. —Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins.
Hon. Vice Pres.—Prof. Quayle.
President—E. G. Paige.
Vice-Pres.—N. B. McMaster.
Sec.-Treas.—L. R. Finlayson.

FRESHMAN ORGANIZATION

Gijilli, gijalli, gizalli, gezay,
Get out, get out, get out of the way.
Rema, Rina, sis boom bah!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hon. Pres.—W. J. Tawse.

Hon. Vice Pres.—Dr. B. T. Dickson.

Pres:—E. A. Eardley.

Vice Pres:—E. A. Lawrence.

Secretary:—R. Johnson.

ORGANIZATION OF B. H. S. '28

This year the course claimed five members from various provinces of Canada. In spite of this handicap we have managed to get into working order and one, at least, has already proven herself to be indispensable to the College. At the Class meeting the following officers were elected.

Pres.—Ruth Fraser.

Sec'y. Treas.—Hilda Johnson.

Athletic—Jean Worden.

SENIOR ADMINISTRATORS

There are only nine of us this year to realize what it is to be a Senior Administrator. We are sorry to say that Kay Seaton had to drop out on account of illness, but we hope she will be able to continue her course next year.

We arrived on Sept. 15th and not long afterwards we found that we would have to nominate a president to settle our many disputes and a secretary-treasurer to send out invitations and collect money. The president that we elected was Marion Taylor, and she has since performed her duty as any president of a senior class should. The secretary-treasurer chosen was Margaret Findlay.

We are all looking forward to a delightful year which will no doubt pass very quickly.

JUNIOR ADMINISTRATORS

The Junior Administrative Class of 1926-27 has nineteen, an unusually large number, in attendance, with Agnes McNaughton as President, and Evelyn Cromwell as Secretary-Treasurer.

ORGANIZATION OF THE AUTUMN SHORT COURSE, 1926.

September 22, 1926, saw fifteen enthusiastic young maidens appear at "Mac" for the Short Course in Household Science. We do not know exactly what the enthusiam was about—true it isn't that some came with the thought of a "change is a good as a rest," others came because they had to, while still others came to have a taste of that much talked of subject—College Life. Anyhow no one was allowed to get away with the holiday idea that some have about this course because the very next day we were instructed in the intricacies of sewing machines and from there on to the various phases of Household Science. By now our time is over half spent and we realize that our course at Mac is indeed short but sweet.

President—Gladys Blackall.

Secretary—F. Alberta Layton.

SECTION A APPEARS FOR THE FIRST TIME

Along with the bunny hop, the bear walk, and the Indian war dance, we have learned a deep and elegant bow, so now behold Section A bowing profoundly to Macdonald College; or—staff and students, seniors, juniors, or in-betweens. We feel sure you will be impressed by us, and glad enough to cry with one accord "Come again!" when you have had the pleasure and the honour of seeing us as others do. And it is for that very purpose of introducing ourselves that we appear here.

We have one enterprising teacher who tells Grade I "The old woman lay on the bed" (We would like to know what it was she lay on the bed.) Next we have a modest young lady whose next door neighbour cannot hear her 'accents sweet' but who blossoms forth at the Hops, rouged, lip-stuck, powdered, and dressed to kill. (Well may they say "Still waters run deep!")

Again we have a daring damsel who helps Time in his flight by turning the class-room clock ahead before lectures. (Ah, these heros—I mean heroines,—how they help us weary mortals tread the mundane paths of life.)

Next we present a *shy* little lady who is so excited by the *complement* in a sentence that she cannot remember its name.

Mutt and Jeff, too, are numbered in the ranks of this flourishing section. This particular pair seems to think that there is a bend in the hall of the main building near the post-office. It might be well to dock their caution money for unnecessary wear and tear on the P. O. floor.

Now we introduce two lovely, loitering, ladies who linger lovingly in the book shop between lectures, and religiously turn up late.

"Goodness sakes!" cries one young miss to her class and is thereafter hauled over the coals by the Dean for swearing!

Our "baby prattler" delights to deck herself in red and scarlet, and be once more the infant apple of her mother's eye.

And last but not least comes a demure "school marm" who deems it wise and fitting to open the gymnasium lesson with a hymn. (Miss Heathcote doesn't quite see the point).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you know some, but by no means all of us. As a whole we are a hard-working and enterprising group in whom lie many excellent but dormant qualities, yet, sad to say, the profs. don't understand us in the least. However that is their misfortune and not their fault ,and we hope that they will soon see their grave error.

Feeling that it is the part of modesty to be retiring, we therefore retire, only stopping to beg of you to remember that we are not as green as we may look, for we

have been to the city *once* (and caught the 5.15 home) and are on the eve of going again. Thank you. We will certainly come again; your appreciation encourages us to further efforts!

SECTION C

One morning I arrived at Macdonald College to obtain some information regarding the School for Teachers. I was told that the classes were then in Session, and was asked if I would like to observe the morning lectures. I eagerly accepted and was immediately ushered into Room 209 where Section C was struggling over a French story by the name of "Pecheur d'Islande." I found this class rather interesting, as many of the students spoke with a superfine French accent, and remarking on this fact to the teacher, found that many of these were merely speaking their own language.

The next hour was still more interesting as I followed the crowd to another building where Sections A, B and C met as one class. A huge man strode into the room and absolute silence ensued. The remarks, I noticed, were chiefly addressed to Section C, and were in the nature of the following:—

Where did you learn music?—Why don't you spell properly?—What school do you come from?—open your mouth! Will you please rest between the hours of eleven and six? — The culprits slowly rose and stammered out a faulty reply. Nevertheless, as the lesson progressed, some members in this section evoked some very intelligent answers, and were highly commended by the large person at the front, after he had made sure that the brilliant student had composed the answer "out of her head."

The next lecture with Section C was Mathematics, and it was it in this that I discovered some really clever artists, who were deeply engaged in their work—chiefly caricatures. I at first wondered if the students had mistaken the period for their drawing lesson, but on further research I found a few who had their Arithmetic texts open, but whose chief interest lay somewhere out on the campus. These artists, besides developing their talent, helped to amuse the remainder of the class.

I decided to observe with Section C. for the rest of the day, and was well entertained. In the Geography period I heard various comments and exclamations such as "That's right"—"a little less humour from you, young man" — "come up here to the front seat" — The reasons for such orders were not always clear, but I judged that the section grasped their significance.

"Music adds to the joy and to the beauty of life" says the sage. It certainly does, especially Section C's rendering of a two-part song. The one I heard was the best example of individual competition I had ever heard. At the end of the selection the professor proudly announced "I won!" and carried off the honours.

During the English lesson I had the pleasure of listening to some really fine paragraphs written by the students on such topic sentences as—"The flapper has made a real contribution to modern life" and "Man is being mastered by his own inventions." Here I noted budding authors who will, I hope, make their mark along with the artists and musicians.

The last period was the Drawing Lesson. The students were all assembled ready to commence when they were given five minutes to race back to their rooms for scissors. One after the other arrived back breathless, but equipped with their scissors, and once again all was serene. They were requested to place the instruments on their desks and to listen. They

listened, and I noticed expressions of surprise and amusement passing over their faces. I did not notice anything very humorous about the worthy instructor's remarks, but learned later that the lecture was almost identical with the one they had heard the previous lesson. However, the lecture was very interesting and instructive, and concerned the construction of a paper bridge and the drawing of animals in action. The lecture occupied the whole period, and I at first wondered why the students had been sent back for their scissors, when they did not use them once during the lesson, but, on further consideration, came to the conclusion that this was part of their physical training—practice in running, and ability to get from the Third Floor of the Main Building to the Women's Residence and back, in five minutes.

It was with deep regret that I withdrew from this enterprising group of future teachers, but resolved to spread abroad their fame as true bearers of the standards of teaching.

Why Study?

The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you forget.
The more you forget, the less you know,
So why study?

The less you study, the less you know,
The less you know, the less you forget,
The less you forget, the more you know,
So why study?

"Whiff"

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can make the vilest stinks invented
And work in them from morn till late at night;
Or with your lot be perfectly contented
When asked to fool around with dynamite;
If you can still remain quite calm and placid.
While plant officials effervesce and fret;
Or being told to test a burning acid,
Can suck it through a five c. c pipette.

If you don't get just what the boss expected,
Yet have the pluck the true results to state;
And from the truth refuse to be deflected,
And never stoop to "adding in the date;"
If wou can read a bunch of sample numbers
When all the labels have been soaked in crude;
And can, when wakened from your slumbers
At two a. m., respond in cheerful mood.

If you can drop the fruit of your exertion
Before you've weighed it, on the concrete floor,
And feeling not a symptom of aversion
Can start again as blithely as before;
If you can take a broken dessicator
And from it improvise a Liebij still,
Or guage the rainfall by the depy drater,
And give three hours a week to First Aid Drill.

If you can subjugate all thoughts of pleasure
And still retain a mead of self-esteem;
If you can give your few short hours of leisure
To keeping up with every modern theme;
If you'll donate your every waking moment,
And seek your sole reward in duty done,
Yours in the lab and everything that's in it.
And, what is more, you're welcome to it, son.

—Ben Zol.

Hobo Jack

By Lawrence Foy

It was my fortune this summer to live and work in a construction camp, on the Toronto Highway, near Gananoque, and learn the life of the navvy. It happened that I was riding along the road, heading for Toronto, perhaps, having left the employ of a farmer that day at noon, when I came upon a gang building a new road, considerably wider than the old one. It was about half past five, and I was hungry, so I thought this camp might have possibilities. Accordingly I sat down on the road side and watched operations. A squad of men were quarrying rock out of the hillside, and loading it on wagons. In turn it was taken and dumped into the stone crusher, and the finished product whisked off up the road in Ford trucks.

Very soon a young lad came along with a pail. He was the cook's assistant, or "cookee" going to fetch some milk. From him I obtained information concerning the boss, the wages, and the "grub." Incidentally he invited me to visit the camp and have a bite to eat. To this I did not object. After consuming a pie and some buns I went to take a look around camp.

There appeared to be several tents, two stables, and the shack. In the shack food was cooked and eaten. From one of the tents came the sound of a mouth organ. The artist was a great big Swede who was laid up with a sprained wrist. While I was talking to him another fellow came clumping up the path. His walk was peculiar. He was very bowlegged, placed his feet a considerable distance apart, and with every step lifted the corresponding shoulder. His dark, wrinkled face was hidden behind a pair of bushy black brows and equally black beard and moustache. As soon as he reached the tent he addressed me as follows: "Theese day ees too tamn hot for work, de duss eez mak me seek." So began my acquaintance with the Russian.

At six o'clock I asked for a job and got it, and then found a place in the 'dining room."

After supper the crowd used to sit around under the big oak tree, spinning yarns and cracking jokes. Indeed, it appeared that I was in strange company, for there were Finns, Scotch, Irish, a Dago, a Roumanian, two Russians, a cockney, a Texas cow puncher, and several Frenchmen. The latter seemer to be quite decent, for they hunted up a mattress and showed me where to get blankets. Apparently they washed their faces every day, which marked them as men of singular cleanliness.

That night as soon as I had ridden my blankets of all undesirable company I went to sleep. In the morning we were roused by the cookee hitting an old plowshare with a horseshoe. Immediately we scrambled to the mess hall, where we sat on benches and leaned our elbows on the oilcloth. Every one had a mug, which was placed upside down on an enamel plate, and knife, fork and spoons. The trick was to flip the plate over so that the mug flew up and dropped right side up near the plate. It takes skill. Breakfast consisted of:

Porridge
Bacon
Sausages
Eggs
Potato
Bread and butter
Toast
Pie

Cake
Pudding
Applesauce
Prunes
Milk
Coffee (very black)
Tea
Cookies
Maple syrup
Trimmings.

Of course at dinner we had more, and different things. One custom was never violated. That was the little word 'please,' You always said "Slide the grease, please; Slip me some spuds, please; Cow please." Everyone religiously kept his own plate, and if a newcomer intruded he was spoken to in this manner: "How about it brother? That's my place."

Another thing we did was work, and hard work it was. My own hands were calloused so hard that the skin cracked across the finger joints.

On Saturday nights every one went to town, only three miles away, and had a wild time. On this occasion no one slept in his working clothes, which was the custom on week days. Indeed if you should meet some of those men all dressed up you would take them for the town council and the mayor. Spats and cane went with the gloves, and pearl grey fedoras were the crowning glory.

The Sabbath was usually devoted to poker, a game at which some of them were experts. It often happened that a man began work on Monday without a cent to call his own.

Very few of the men had any particular aim in life, they just drifted.

In most cases their language was vile, but very few of them were really bad men. They liked to play ball, swim, play cards, and wrestle with one another, just as any healthy fellow, and had their own code of honor. They very seldom criticiszed each other in any way but face to face, which is admirable, and rarely stole anything but soap, matches and razor blades. Factory cigarettes were seldom used, tobacco and papers supplied "the makings" and everybody "rolled his own."

In winter these fellows will be in the bush logging, working in mills, or just plain bumming around. Many epithets are attached to the hobo, but he has one point in his favor, and that is that he is inclined to be more broad minded than many a man of superior vocabulary, and is a liar of the most finished skill and originality.

The Microbe's "Formal"

A love-lorn microbe met by chance,
At a swagger bacteroidal dance,
A proud bacillian belle, and she
Was first of the animalculæ.
Of organisms saccharine
She was the protoplasmic queen,
The microscopical pride and pet
Of the biological smartest set;
And so this infinitesimal swain
Evolved a pleading, low refain:
"O lovely metamorphic germ!
What futile scientific term
Can well describe thy many charms.
Come to these embryonic arms!
Then hie away to my cellular home
And be my little diatom!"

His epithelium burned with love,
He swore, by molecules above,
She'd be his own gregarious mate
Or else he would disintegrate.
This amorous mite of a parasite
Pursued the germ both day and night,
And 'neath her window often played
This Darwin-Huxley serenade;
He'd warble to her every day
This rhizopodical roundelay:
"O most primordial type of spore!
I never saw your like before,
And though a microbe has no heart,
From you, sweet germ, I'll never part;
We'll sit beneath some fungus growth
Till dissolution claims us both."

Angelique

J. WORDEN, D. H. S. '28

A discreet knock broke the silence in which the study was enveloped.

"Damn" exploded one of the occupants.

"Come in" yelled the other.

The door opened and Donnie Fitzwilliams entered with a most mournful expression upon his usually cheerful countenance. In his hand he clutched an innocent-looking letter.

"Listen to this," he groaned, 'your ward has now completed her convent career and, unless you wish her to become a "sister," I would like to suggest that you remove her as soon as possible' —that's bad enough, goodness knows, but listen to what comes later—'she is a good, well-mannered girl who will, I am sure, be a comfort to you."

The men both looked at Donnie with grins which were hardly as sympathetic as the occasion seemed to call for.

"Dash it all," he finally burst out, "you idiots don't seem to grasp the situation at all—Here we are three happy, comfortable bachelors with no inclination to change our state—my ward, damn her, must now be provided for and—"

"And we simply refuse to cause a local scandal by having her here" finished one of the three, Archie Philips by name.

"For goodness sake think what we'd better do" begged Donnie — "I've never even *seen* the child and as to her being 'a comfort' to me——"

His disgust passing the poor powers of expression Don lapsed into a profound and gloomy silence.

"She may be almost anything—if *only* she wasn't a 'good girl.' "

"Now Donnie *surely* you woudn't want her be a naughty little girl like some of our friends"—suggested the third man Jack Edwards.

"If she was anything like your woman Don grinned.

Jack, by Jove she'd be worth owning!

"Thank you"—this with a deep bow.

"Joking aside" began Archie, "I think the only thing you can do is to trot over to Paris and 'collect' her. We could probably send her to a finishing school somewhere a long way off—"

"Done—Archie, old egg. you're the most intelligent man present."

"Huh" snorted Archie "that wouldn't be difficult," whereupon a showed of books and sofa cushions descended upon his head.

"By the way, Donnie old man—has she a name?" queried Jack.

"She has—and a jolly pretty one too—

"Well divulge it."

"Its Angélique de La Salle."

"Angélique sounds too 'good' to be true somehow" mused Jack.

"By Jove" cut in Archie, who was famous for having disquieting thoughts, "do you suppose she'll be able to speak any English?"

Here was a new and awful possibility —suppose—just suppose that Angélique could speak only French!

"Good God Archie do you think there is really any chance of such a ghastly thing happening?"

"Well, these nuns you know, are all probably French so . . . .oh by the way do they know that you are an eligible bachelor old boy?"

"Don't know——care less" growled Don—"All I know is that the girl is a confounded nuisance and if I had any real 'say' in the matter she'd stay in the bally convent 'ad infinitum.'

"My sentiments exactly" concluded Archie.

"Well," said Jack, picking up his discarded "mag." "All I can say is that I jolly well hope, for Don's sake, that the damsel does parley Anglais, 'cause if she doesn't!—he broke off and grinned.

The trio sat silent far awhile then with an audible sigh, Don rose.

"Well boys. I guess I'll sleep on it—if either of you two are assailed with any brilliant ideas before morning come and pound on my door—toodle-oo"—he started strolled out shutting the door behind him.

"Poor Don" muttered Archie. "it's pretty raw for a good fellow like him to be 'landed' with a ward—but still 'Angélique is a decidedly pretty name—"Angélique"—he resumed his novel and exhaled fragrant clouds from his well worn "Dunhill."

Jack, likewise, could not entirely dismiss the speculations upon the ward from his mind.

"I say Archie" he suddenly exclaimed. "how old is the kid?"

"Dashed if I know, old chap."

"Think she'll be about eighteen or so?"

"Can't say——migh tbe——jolly good book I'm trying to read. Jack"—this last very pointedly.

Jack subsided, after all it didn't really make any difference how old the unwelcome addition to the family might be—he for one would raise a riot if Donnie tried having a woman of any age, mucking around their "digs" and putting the kibosh on their little "bachelor parties." Dashed hard luck for Donnie of course but——

Morning brought a firm resolution, on the part of Jack and Archie, to send the very unwillingly Don to "collect" his property. As Jack said—

"You can't leave her there forever, old man, so you'd better go and get the agony over as soon as possible."

"And" added Archie, "a Paris model will make almost *anyone* look fairly presentable so you'd better take along your cheque book."

The next morning after having spent the night drowning, it would appear, the combine sorrows of the whole universe, the boat for Calais steamed out of Dover with a very dejected Donnie hanging over the stern and waving his handkerchief at two fast disappearing specks who were poised on the very end of the dock.

"What a life" sighed Archie, "let us here and now make a solemn vow never to acquire wards"—they shook on it.

In their cosy den that evening, as they sipped whiskey and sodas the two thought, with sympathy, of Don who would, even then, be steaming towards Paris, on a stuffy continental train.

"Feeling," said Archie, "in all probability like the proverbial lamb being led to the slaughter."

"He'll be back within a week at most" prophesied Jack.

But like, many another prophet before him, Jack was doomed to disappointment. A week slipped by—then another week without any word having been received from the wanderer—Jack and Archie even beginning to grow anxious.

The bachelor dinners at their club seemed to lack their usual zest with the prolonged absence of "the wild Irishman" as Don was, and with reason, called.

Then, one morning, a cable was handed in with Jack's breakfast tray. Hurriedly he opened it and read—

"Come immediately—usual hotel. —Don."

"Good God," thought Jack, he must have done something terrible to need us "immediately!"

Jumping out of his warm and comfortable bed he ran to Archie with the cable.

"Perhaps she was so "dumb" he killed her or something," suggested that worthy hopefully.

"Don't be an utter idiot, if you can help it" snapped Jack—"get up and we'll be off as soon as possible."

"I say, how about flying over, Jack—I can have the 'plane ready in an hour."

"Bully, I'll cable back that we'll be with him in time for luncheon.

"Righto" with which remark Archie proceeded to finish his breakfast in a leisurely manner.

While Archie was thus engaged, the more energetic Jack packed suit cases, stowed them in the plane, "egged" his chum on to greater activity, and, in short, did all the work of preparation for them both. Finally however, Archie having roused himself sufficiently they were ready to leave.

The propeller whirred—the racing 'plane rose gracefully—the ground fell away from under them—they were "en-route" flying at a rate which defied all humanly devised speed limits.

The drone of the powerful engines made speech impossible so each kept his thoughts, some of which proved *most* disquieting, tightly locked within his own mind until a more opportune moment should arise for "airing" them. Landing at an aerodome, just outside Paris they chartered a 'Mercedes' and proceeded to run up to town—"For," as Archie very brightly observed, 'the Bois' is hardly an auspicious spot in which to land."

"And, by Jove, Archie, if Don has done anything desperate it would be as well to appear on the scene correctly garbed if nothing else" volunteered Jack.

Upon arriving at the hotel they booked rooms, inquired in which number Fitzwilliams could be found and wended their way upwars to get bathed and changed before presenting themselves to Don.

"I say, Archie," spluttered Jack from the depths of his "tub"—do you suppose he'll have his ward stopping here too?"

"Probably she is even now residing at the Morgue" replied Archie cheerfully.

"Huh, I suppose you think you're jolly amusing, but if I may be so bold as to draw upon attention to the deplorable fact—you're not."

"Oh shut up, you ass," called back Philips in an unruffled tone—long years of living with his uncomplimentary friend had caused him to become immune to such remarks.

There is nothing in the world, at least so far as men are concerned, more pleasing to the eye than the correctly garbed, well set up Englishman—be he in tweeds or a full dress suit he always seems to "look the part"—Archie and Jack were no exceptions. In their morning-coats they sallied forth to hear the worst for, by this time, they were both quite convinced that it *was* the worst.

They knocked firmly at Don's door—no answer—they knocked a little more loudly—a step approached slowly —it was Don's step and it seemed unwilling!

The door opened—there stood their old friend, smilingly bidding them to enter and without the slightest trace of uneasy guilt showing upon his face—"Cheerio, you chaps, you *did* come immediately, didn't you?"

"Well, you expected us to, didn't you?"
"Rather."

They entered—sat down in a couple of inviting easy chairs and turned enquiring glances in Don's direction.

"Well," said Jack at length, "where is she?"

"Out at present."

"By the way is she allright?"

"By which you mean?" smiled Don.

"Hang it man, I mean you haven't injured her or anything have you?"

"Injured her—my dear man *why* should I injure her?"

"Then *why* did you send an S. O. S. to us?" exploded Archie.

"Well, you always had a distinct weakness for Paris so I thought—

"We don't give a damn what you thought—all we know is that we were driven from our breakfasts this morning flew over in record time—and you haven't even killed her!"

"Are you very disappointed, Archie?"

Archie grinned, after all it *was* a bit thick to have cherished the hope that Don, wild as he was, would have quietly done away with Angélique.

"Well, you cuckoo, what *is* she like?"

"Quite the opposite to what we all expected."

"Huh, somewhat like Jack's friends?"

"Perhaps—depends which ones you're referring to—"

"Oh, I mean his wilder ones."

"Well hardly—in fact she's a perfect little demon."

"Just see what convents do for young girls" sighed Jack—"still she'd probably be worse if she'd been under your care old chap."

"I doubt it—ah there's someone at the door now—perhaps it is she."

"You might open it and find out" suggested Jack. Don strode over and flung open the door with a flourish—Archie and Jack gasped—There stood a most fascinating person. Eyes and hair dark and shining—cupid's bow mouth of crimson—pert little upturned nose—none of your full blown English beauty about this girl who rather reminded one of a sleek, well groomed kitten whose claws, for the moment, were sheathed.

The girl smiled—Archie, recovering from his surprise, bowed—Jack did likewise.

"Angélique may I present my chums—Archie Philips—Jack Edwards."

"Je suis charmée."

"Oh God," groaned Jack" surely she speaks English."

As if in answer to his prayer Angélique continued—

"Donnie says don't speak French so I presume I shall be obliged to speak English."

"Thank Heaven for that" murmured Archie in an audible tone.

"By the way Miss La Salle" began the ever gallant Jack—"May I take you to dinner and the theatre tonight?"

"If Donnie agrees I should like it."

"Let him refuse if he dares!"

Either Don agreed or did not dare disagree for Jack and his new found prize sallied forth together.

Archie was annoyed and showed it. "Dash it all Fitzwilliams what do you mean by letting Jack commandeer the girl like that. It isn't right—you know what a flirt he is. She, poor innocent girl, she—she—she'll be polluted by Jove."

"Archie, my boy, I defy any man to pollute her—she is already extremely well educated."

"Huh, so *that's* what you've been doing for the last two weeks."

"Not altogether—she was by no means green when I came over.

About 4 A. M. the next morning, when Angélique and her cavelier staggered home Don and Archie were still up and waiting for them.

Angélique kissed Don and trotted off to bed—not so Jack.

"Don" he began "she wears an engagement ring——"

"Well?"

"Well, dash it all, I'm going to marry her myself and I'd just like to know what blighter she's engaged to—I shall

have to cut him out of course—probably it won't be difficult to a man of my experience!"

"What if I tell you that she isn't engaged?"

"Why then the ring?"

"Merely a gift from an old friend of hers——"

"Don, I could almost love you for that —do you think I've a chance?"

"No!"

"My dear man, why?"

"I happen to know more about Angélique than you do old man."

"Tell me the the truth—is she or is she not free?"

"I've already told you that she isn't engaged but—

"Well then I shall have her—"

"Allow me to finish please, Jack, but she happens to be married—"

Jack's mouth opened—Archie looked blank—Don smiled and added—"To me."

THE END

Students' Book Shelf

"History of England" George Macaulay Trevellyan.

This is the last short history of the English people I have read. As interesting and as well-written as Green's "Short History of the English People," it has the further advantage of access to source-material unknown to Green. In 700 pages he gives an unforgettable picture and an unrivalled interpretation of the history of a great people, who, with all their faults and sins of commission and omission, have been the sons of Martha to modern democracy.

Trevellyan's "History of Britain in the 19th Century" should be read as a fuller interpretation of that period than he could give in the general history. He is grandnephew of Lord Macaulay,and has all his uncle's power of vividness of portraiture, mastery of detail, literary finish: while he avoids Macaulay's over-emphasis, Whig prejudices and division of men into saints and sinners.

2. "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage." H. W. Fowler.

The slogan of a certain pill maker "Worth a Guinea . . .," applies with greater truth to this treasure. At the cost of $2.25, one has the wisdom, wit satire, exact knowledge, all with their roots firm in that modern wonder of the world, the "Oxford English Dictionary." It will make an excellent bed-book, or to-be-dipped-into book. Some of the column-long articles are little essays. The essay of "-Our and-or" should be read carefully by all would-be purists in language.

Summer

Upon earth's brawny bosom, as snows of winter fade,
The verdant grass appeareth, pushed out blade by blade.
And as sweet Phoebe works all powerfull will
A soft and downy cushion springeth out upon the hill.

As weeds with joyful creaks spring through the earth,
The valleys ring with sound of mundane mirth,
The hired man with harrow, disc, or plough,
Doth vainly search for resting place neath bough.

And finding neither rest nor shade by day,
Doth while away the time with obscene lay,
Doth eulogise the fame of maid called Lulu,
While scorching rays turn shade of hide to Zulu.

The merry spud doth join neath fertile ground
The cheerful oat, the blithesome wheat; soon sound
Of bursting blade doth fill the quiv'ring air
While hogs with all mankind their fragrance share.

The days grow hot. On hill, in sheltered Hell,
The heat doth rival that of Mythic' Hell.
The lazy cow doth jerk from out its sulk,
And to its owner giveth cream in bulk.

The sow that squeaked in anguish in the snow,
Doth titivate to capture heart of beau.
And lambs, meek creatures, (seemly without sin,)
Do gambol on the sward (perchance a fleece to win.)

Still more the hired man doth groan and sweat,
What time the callous farmer doth not fret,
But estimates his crop; his hay by bale,
(Allowing full percent for loss by hail)

Along the ties doth foot the weary bum.
And whineth of his need for trifling sum,
Of cash with which to reach his dying brother,
(Confined wife), (sick child), (heart-broken mother).

The section gang, stout lads of foreign extraction,
Do maths, to bring down to a minute fraction,
The work with which they think they can get by,
And studying sit, till foreman's swear words fly.

Ah me! As sun dies down and daylight closes,
I sit and think with envy of young Moses,
Who safe from heat midst bullrush in the river,
Took all the grilling Phoebe could deliver.

W. F. G.

Farm Opportunities

R. W. STUCKEY, AGR., '28

"Canada — the Land of Opportunity!" Unquestionably opportunities occur here and unquestionably the majority of these present themselves to those individuals who wish to seek their living on the land. This country of yours covers over three and a half-million acres of land, and is inhabited by a total population of a little over nine million. Is it unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that opportunities are numerous in a country of such a size, which possesses also abundance of natural wealth, millions of acres of fertile land, and which is blessed with a climate that is invigorating, healthy and admirably suitable for the plentiful production of farm crops?

"It must not be presumed, however, that any person wishing to make a good living, has merely to set foot in Canada, buy a farm and then wait for the money to roll in. So many imagine that farming is an easy game, a pastime that can be profitably carried on by practically any fool,quite irrespective of the many essentials and capabilities that a successful Canadian farmer must possess.

Failures Come Easily.

"No man in his senses will apply for a business job in the city and expect to receive a good and adequate wage for his labours if he has had no previous experience of the problems and intricacies that arise in such a business. Too often a man having failed in his city business is persuaded to buy a farm, in the hope that, as a last resort, he may make a success of farming; but invariably he fails here too, simply because he has ventured upon a job to which he is distinctly unsuited.

"To those who know anything about farming at all, it is plainly evident that a successful farmer must possess considerable experience and practical skill in order to obtain the best results from his farm. Not only has he to till and cultivate the various types of soil to the best advantage, but at the same time he has to be skilled in the working of the different farm implements and machinery. The proper and systematic cropping of the land is yet another of the farming problems that yearly arise, and which have to be thoughtfully and carefully considered if the best results are to be looked for. To say nothing of the knowledge that is required to successfully keep and rise livestock, it is only too obvious that a farmer must be practically a Jack-of-all-trades. Considered in this light it is clearly evident that the type of man who is most likely to make a success of farming is the healthy, hard-working and experienced man, who will be thrifty and industrious at all times, and who is endowed with the patient determination to win through and make good.

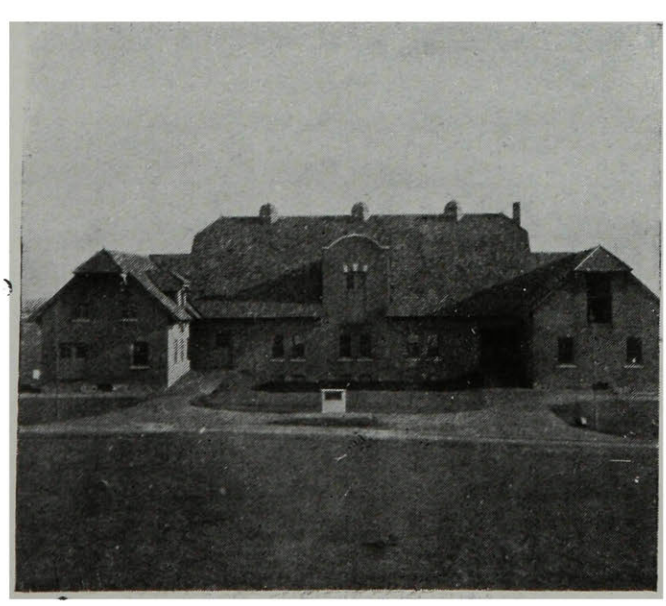
Advantages Here

"To the migrant from the Old Country, a farming life in Canada presents many advantages which are not available in England. The first and foremost consideration which has to be met is the cost of buying a farm. In Canada he will find land considerably cheaper; and, since easy terms of payment spreading over several years can often be arranged, he is enabled to start his farming career with considerably less capital. Although a great many of Canada's most prominent farmers started their farms with little or no capital, it is nevertheless true

—as in other walks of life—that money makes money, and that therefore the man who starts out farming with a few hundred dollars to fall back on, is able to weather the ups and downs that occur from time to time in all farming communities.

"It is questionable whether any other country offers as much assistance to its farmers as does Canada. Both the Dominion and Provincial Governments are admirably equipped with inspectors and assistants, whose duties are to help and foster Canadian Agriculture. By printing and issuing well illustrated pamphlets, almost all the important subjects on agricultural problems are dealt with, and these are usually supplied gratis for the asking.

"The Agricultural Colleges in all the provinces afford useful experimental work to assist the cause of farming; and by instituting short courses in the winter time for farmers and their sons, there is ample opportunity for all those interested to increase their farming knowledge to a considerable degree. It cannot, however, be over-emphasized that the man who wishes to make a success of farming in Canada must be a hard worker, thrifty and industrious, for only with these qualifications can he hope to obtain the reward which is every workingman's object in life."



"Me-On My Fall"

B. SABERTON

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my freedom!
This is the women's residence; to-day we are put forth
To teach within the city; to-morrow gated,
As we have gone ariding with some freshmen;
Then Saturday comes a youth,— a noble youth,
And,—when he thinks, a goofy kiss, full surely
He will get from his fair maiden,—gets a shock,
She is gated,—as I am.

I did venture,
Like little flapper seniors who ride in Buicks,
This afternoon upon the gravel highway.
And yet too near the college; my kindly guardian
At length did spy me; and now has left me
Young and innocent of treason, to the mercy
Of that foul meeting, which once a week doth greet me.
You rules and regulations of this house,
I hate you;
I feel the need that I must break you.

Mark but my fall, and they that broke me.
Juniors, I charge thee, fling away thy car-rides;
By that, I did fall; how can you, then
Juniors, even as I am, hope to save by it?
Oh, Juniors! Juniors!
Had I but hid myself with half the zeal
The seniors use, I would not now be gated
And on to that be rifled of two dollars!

On Smoking

V. C. DAWSON, Class '28.

One night, while quietly enjoying my after-dinner pipe in the lonely, fire-lit parlour, I fell asleep and had a most peculiar and speculation-arousing dream. I dreamt, and Heaven graciously forbid the reality, that there was no more tobacco in the world. What chaos there was as a result! Men I saw, who had erstwhile been constant consumers of the fragrant weed, holding up their empty pipes and cigarette-cases, as a starving child holds up it's hand for bread. Some, driven to desperation by the unbearable thought of never more having tobacco, were wandering aimlessly around, not caring what happened to themselves, and everywhere I saw panic and distress among mankind. I awoke with a start and was truly thankful that all this had been but a phantasm of my unconscious imagination.

"Now," I asked myself, "just exactly wherein lies the pleasure of a smoke that I should be so much afraid of losing it?" And I found this a very hard question to answer in a completely satisfying manner.

Somehow or other, smoking differs from most physical indulgences in that it seems to become almost an integral part of a man's life. For instance—I like chocolates, but would feel it no great loss if all the chocolate-makers went on strike and I couldn't have any more. But without my pipe, I am as a lost soul, and do I flatter myself when I say my own are the sentiments of most pipe-smokers? I think not. Some wise-wit has said that Woodbines won the war, and no doubt he was partly right. Few things help a man to forget trouble, the positive phase of life, according to Schopenhaur's philosophy, as does tobacco, be it smoked in a pipe, cigar or cigarette.

The reason for the sometime feministic lack of sympathy for smoking is perhaps not so difficult to explain. Ashes on the carpet, and cigarette and cigar-ends carelessly distributed in the sundry flower-pots and vases, never fail to arouse the ire of the meticulous good housewife, and what is more natural than that she should condemn the medium whereby these terrible faux-pas are committed? Turning from the matron's viewpoint to that of the young ladies, we sometimes find an antipathy for smoking even on their part, and here the reason is still more feminine —vanity. It wounds girls' natural conceit in their own powers of allurement and attraction to think that they themselves cannot make completely pleasurable a man's idle moments. They seem to wish complete dominion over we lax males, and take up common arms against such an insidious invader of their domains as tends to take us to enjoyment removed in any way from their immediate circle.

But thou, at least, faithful friend pipe, shall always be assured of my lifelong adoration. Though I may stray from thy side to appease my craving—with the sweet weed, (weed—ah! what calumny), in some other form, thou mayest ever be certain that I will return to thee, unperverted and fond as ever, to enjoy those long hours of peaceful communion and boon companionship which thou unfailingly provideth. Thy usage, at least, shall be one custom which will never yieldeth place to new, and even if thou hast often been reviled as a "filthy, evil-smelling thing," this world wouldst be but a sorry place without thee.

Random Memories of France

SILAS McCRACKLE

You know the first thing that touches one in France is the colossal tipping system. I say "touches" intentionally. As the franc goes down, the tips go up. My experience at Boulogne was amusing.

I was rather worried as the steamer was being tied up, for I had two large bags, a suitcase, the customs, and my aunt to attend to: not to speak of magazines, coats and passports! I was in a flustered state and mightily relieved, I assure you, when an excited fellow in a blue overall seized my bags, shouted "Porter-r-r Numero quarante-quatre" and disappeared. I lost him and was beginning to feel worried when he appeared in the customs.

Now the best way to get through the customs is to pretend that you're rather a silly ass. Of course, I know what you'll say, but it *did* take some pretending, and I take it as some credit to my acting abilities that the officer in charge grinned fatuously and put a chalk cross on my baggage. "Number 44" seized the things and made off, and was soon lost again. While I was standing rather bewildered on the platform, up came another sauve gentleman also in a blue smock, but with the word "Interpreter" on his breast.

"You have lost your porterre? Ah! I will find him! You wish a seat in the train? Ah! I will find one!" I hadn't the heart to refuse him: he seemed so delighted to do the least thing for me.

Well, after he had got my porter and my seat, I went to the window to have my baggage handed up to me. Just as I was leaning out I was disturbed by an ejaculating excited person behind. And lo! and behold, another fellow in a blue smock, with a fiery moustache, expressing in bad English, explanatory arms, and the wildest of French, that he desired, nay, demanded, the privilege of lifting in my baggage! I let him do it. and then all three stood and grinned——I was unaccustomed to French money and after I had distributed largesse, they grinned still more!——

Speaking of France too reminds me of the Natural Man. I dare say you've often heard of old Jean Jacques Rousseau's idea of a return to nature. Well, I met a man who had returned.

He was an uncouth sight. He wore a kind of flowing garb which comprised shirt, jacket, waistcoat, trousers and stockings: he had never shavel, and after close inspection I decided he had never washed. He was eating grapes when I met him. You know the way a primitive man eats grapes—using his fingers as a wine-press.

One day I met him carrying two heavy parcels, so I gave him a helping hand. At the railway station—this was in mal France—he stopped and undid his parcels, and producing a small envelope, offered it to me. I thanked him effusively, and stammered that it was very kind of him. "And you may give me the one franc sixty centimes whenever it pleases you" he explained.

Somewhat shattered, I took the thing and drew therefrom several postcards of explained volubly that these illustrated my friend in the scantiest of attire. He his philosophy of life. He divided his day

up according to a definite programme. First hour—work—saw him digging away determinedly, (personally, I don't think he could honestly dig for an hour with his bare feet.) Second hour—Intellectual work—Philosophy: he was leaning on his spade reading a dainty edition of the great phisosophers. The next hour of his day was "More work" —as in No. 1! only more so. Then again came more reading. Fifth hour—Destruction—slashing away at a stone wall with a pick axe. The next one was complementary —Construction, and pictured him building up the wall again. There were only six cards in the envelope, but I'm sure he had jobs for all the rest of the day.

A queer specimen! I met him often after that, and apparently he thought me a likely disciple. One day he presented me with a small newspaper, advertising vegetarianism, and recommending a vegetarian restaurant in Paris.

Imagine me dining on a nut!

Football Coach (to applicant for place on team)—"What experience have you had?"

Applicant—"Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of their papers which he received ended thus:

."Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"

If you wish to know a man's income, ask him what incomes should be exempt from taxation.

Some men are successful chiefly because they didn't have the advantages others had.

It is a queer world when the boy who flunks on two subjects may some day employ dozens who headed the class.

The skin that many a young man loves to touch these days is the pig skin.

Caddie: (To golfer who has lost his club for the third time) "You'll be a champion yet, sir."

Golfer: "What, a champion golfer?"

Caddie: "No, sir, a champion hammer thrower."

Many a girl is single today because she couldn't stay awake while a man talked about himself.

"Get my bag for me at once!" boomed the doctor. "Some fellow says in a dying voice that he can't live without me."

"Just a moment!" interposed his wife. "I think that is for daughter, dear."

What's wrong with this sentence? "She asked him for a kiss, but he told her he wasn't that kind of a boy."

Our idea of comfortable circumstances would be to have enough to be scared to death about Communism.

"A deep orange monkey fur is now popular," says a fashion paper. A friend of ours remarks that if he ever saw a deep orange monkey he would stick to soft drinks.

Health Inspector: "Is this a fraternity house?"

Disillusioned Senior: "Yes."

Health Inspector: "Ahe there any rats around?"

Disillusioned Senior: "No! They all died of starvation."

On Inoculation

B. SABERTON

"On Inoculation"
Under the spreading comforter
The college freshman scirms;
The frosh, he wriggles in and out,
As on his way he worms.
The muscles of his brawny arms
Are shot with Typhoid germs!

His pants are huge, as well as long
His socks they know no stay.
You can hear his hearty swears
As he toils his weary way
Towards the doctor, with a spike
And bacti-Typhoid gay.

The water here he cannot drink,
It is against the rule.
What does he drink I hear you askz
This boy is not a fool!
He drinks the Merry wine that cheers.
(He did not learn at school.)

Once more he's happy and care free,
His arm is almost well.
His room-mate whispers in his ear,—
"I've something I must tell.
You must be done again,—Twice more."
Then hear him yell, "Oh! Hell!"

"That Certain Feeling!"

Not to be born—never to see the sun—
No worldly blessing is a greater one!
And the next best thing is speedily to die,
And left beneath a load of earth to lie.

Travel As A Means Of Education

C. HARVEST, Ag. 29.

For those of us who do not like studying and listening to lectures, even if they are really quite interesting, nothing could be better than travel as a means of education. In fact, travelling is so interesting—so fascinating, that there are hardly any people who can say that they dislike it.

Few, indeed, are they who go abroad to see other lands with the first intention of self-education. Travel, as I have said before, is to most people an interesting hobby, but it is unconsciously a most wonderful education. I would not dare to say that it should be the only means of education, but rather that it should accompany the ordinary school or College studies.

In the first place, one usually goes abroad for a holiday—and what could be a more pleasant way of spending one's summer vacation? That need of a change is satisfied in different surroundings, among a different people having a language and customs peculiar to themselves.

There are many who say that going abroad is extravagant and of no use, in fact, a waste of time and money. This may be true for those who regard spending the winter on the Riviera to be the "done" thing, and who never talk any language other than their own. This is also true for those who dash about the continent and after two weeks cannot remember where they've been or what they've seen. But those who do not appreciate travel are usually those who have never had an opportunity to do so. And I do not blame them. The more I travel, the more I want to. There are perhaps people who dread going abroad because of the inconveniences and discomfort of travelling; but I can assure them, provided they are neither too old nor physically weak or disabled, that it is well worth all the trouble.

Let us now consider the advantages of travel as regards education. The first will probably be in the acquiring of languages. To hear them where they are spoken is the best way of learning them. One can obtain the correct accent and idioms more perfectly than in a classroom, from a teacher who has little or no idea of pronunciation, though he or she may know the grammar book from cover to cover. Then consider the historical advantages. We visit the very places where famous people lived, fought and died, which often bring our minds back to the dull old history book we left on the shelf in our room—and we perhaps wish we had brought it along with us.

Wonderful landscapes come before the eye, which are impossible to forget, and rural scenes which are of interest to the agriculturalist. The architect also is deeply interesting—in fact, everyone, no matter what their walks of life, find some fascination in how other people live, and so broaden out their minds. And even the youthful student, who has been over to have a good time, begins to realize that study need not be so boring after all.

The Literary and Debating Society.

Under the auspices of the above society, the Juniors and Seniors recently met in fierce verbal combat for the Robertson Debating Trophy. The subject was a popular one in that the Seniors, upholding the affirmative, were quite convinced that they could prove all prescribed studies ought to be done in timetable hours. (If that doesn't show a spirit of Bolshevism, what does?)

Messrs Hicks and Macdougall, for the seniors, treated their subject in a very capable manner, and the speakers for the negative, Mr. Stuckey and Mr. Ste. Marie, upheld the reputation of the dignified juniors in a most worthy manner. However, one side had to lose, and after what must have been quite a debate in itself, the judges returned their decision in favour of the fourth-year men.

What we Want to Know

(1) Who hides in the Janitor's Closet, and why.

(1) What is a wicket and why. (Toronto papers please copy.)

(3) Who said that three legs are a sign of stability.

(4) What "merges into mysticism."

(5) Who refuses to disgrace her native province by giving a speech.

(6) Who says "Where are my keys."

(7) Who wanted to take an outside girl to the formal.

(8) Who intends to buy a soprano sax.

(9) Who tried to abduct a partridge from the cold storage plant in Montreal and what he intended to do with it if the attempt had been successful.

(10) Who said "Are they bottle fed?" and why she said it.

(11) The precise formula of the apple-sauce cordial.

(12) Why Macdonald College is still the Venice of America.